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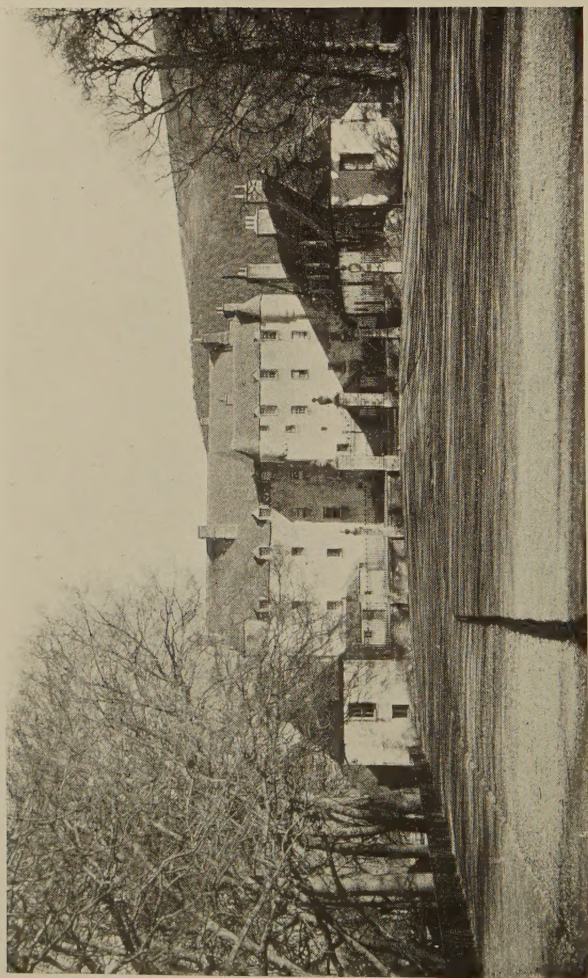


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Walter Inglis.

CASTLES AND HISTORIC HOMES
OF THE BORDER

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TRAQUAIR HOUSE.

Castles and Historic Homes of the Border

Their Traditions and Romance

BY

ALEXANDER EDDINGTON

WITH 35 FULL-PAGE PLATES

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TO
THE MEMORY OF
MY WIFE

FOREWORD

MOST of the chapters in the following pages were originally published in abbreviated form as a series of separate articles. The interest they aroused was evidenced in requests from numerous readers that they should appear in a more permanent form. To this the author has acceded. Though many books relating to Border history and literature have already appeared, no work has hitherto been published which brings within the compass of one volume the story of the old castles, peel towers, and historic homes of the Borderland, the families that occupied them and the part they played in the national and local life. With these features are combined the traditions and ballads that have contributed so largely to spread a romantic halo over the whole Border country. All the places dealt with in the volume the Author has visited, most of them frequently, and with his camera he has supplemented the text so as to present to the reader a series of pictures that suggest the conditions of life in a land so frequently devastated during many centuries of storm and strife.

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Castles and Historic Homes of the Border

TRAQUAIR

Where Glasgow obtained her Charter

HALF a mile south of Innerleithen, the ancient baronial house of Traquair, embosomed in trees, stands by the banks of the Quair Burn, within sound of the murmur of the Tweed as it glides eastward on its way through the Borderland to mingle its waters with the sea at Berwick. One may not quite agree with Pennecuik, who, writing over two centuries ago, said :—

“On fair Tweedside from Berwick to the Bield,
Traquair for beauty fairly wins the field;
So many charms by Nature and by Art
Do there combine to captivate the heart
And please the eye with what is fine and rare,
Few other seats can match with sweet Traquair.”

Yet as one looks on this old-world mansion, cradled in the glen, flanked on one side by the high Minchmuir, and on the other by the steep slopes of the Dun Rig range, what fitter site could there be for what was at one time a favourite house of the early Scottish kings? And in later days the valley did not lack its

sweet singers, who invested it with a romance inferior only to that which clings to the far-famed Vale of Yarrow. Truly, the glen of the Quair to-day is, in the words of Andrew Lang, applied to Tweed :—

“Full of ballad notes,
Born out of long ago.”

The scene o’ Willie Laidlaw’s “Lucy’s Flittin’,” that pathetic love lyric, is the valley of the Quair, and one of the finest of modern ballads is Principal Shairp’s “The Bush aboon Traquair,” suggested by the older ballad with the same title. As will be seen from the following extract, the author felt not only the sylvan and pastoral beauties of the glen but the pure joys of simple country life :—

“I heard the cushies croon
Through the gowden afternoon,
And the Quair burn singing doon to the vale o’ the Tweed.

“And birks, saw I three or four,
Wi’ grey moss bearded ower,
The last that are left o’ the birken shaw,
Whar mony a simmer een
Fond lovers did convene,
Thae bonny, bonny gloamins that are lang awa’.

“Frae mony a but and ben,
By muirland, holm, and glen,
They cam yin hour to spen’ on the greenwood sward;
But lang hae lad and lass
Been lying ’neath the grass,
The green green grass o’ Traquair Kirkyard.



TRAQUAIR CHURCH.

“They were blest beyond compare,
When they held their trysting there,
Amang thae greenest hills shone on by the sun ;
And there they wan a rest,
The lownest and the best,
I’ Traquair Kirkyard when a’ was dune.”

No finer description of the valley has been written. Famous in olden times for its birches, few of these now remain. To-day the churchyard is as Shairp described it, and the church has still its flavour of antiquity.

There is no record of the date of the original Traquair House, but part of the present building is so old as to justify the claim of Traquair to be one of the oldest inhabited houses in Scotland, if not to dispute Dunrobin’s claim to precedence. It was the home of the early Scottish kings from David I. to Alexander III., and only ceased being a Royal residence when the wars of independence made it necessary for Royalty to remove farther north. It was a favourite abode of William the Lion who, while residing there, granted a charter in 1176 or 1177 to Jocelyn, Bishop of Glasgow, to found a bishop’s burgh on the banks of the Molendinar, which in time became the city of Glasgow.

In the reign of Bruce, Traquair was granted to Sir James Douglas, his devoted adherent. Thereafter the estate belonged to various

Border families, and in the reign of James III. his favourite, Dr Rodgers, the musician, obtained possession and held the property for nine years. In 1478 he sold the estate to James Stuart, Earl of Buchan, uncle of the King and Warden of the Middle Marches for seventy merks Scots (£3, 15s. 10d.), forty merks to be paid at Martinmas and the remaining thirty merks eight days before Christmas 1479. Though Buchan had made such a good bargain by the transaction this did not prevent him joining with the other nobles in hanging Rodgers, along with the other favourites of the King, on Lauder Bridge in 1482. James Stuart, a son of Buchan, heired the estate, and was one of those slain at Flodden. A descendant was in 1633 made the first Earl of Traquair. Through Lady Jane Beaufort, mother of Buchan, the Stuarts of Traquair were descendants of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, fourth son of Edward III., and father of Henry IV. Later Queen Mary and Darnley visited Traquair, and by all accounts Darnley was not over-gracious to his bride, having to be remonstrated with by the laird for his ungallant conduct. After his defeat at Philiphaugh Montrose rode to Traquair for hospitality, but the Earl gave him the cold shoulder. Prince Charlie, on

his march to England, left his army at Kelso to enlist the services of the Earl, who very prudently along with other Border barons declined to follow the fortunes of the Prince. The tradition is that the Earl, though declining to follow Prince Charlie, closed the gates of the avenue never again to be opened till a Stuart ascended the British throne. The gates remain closed to-day, and a new avenue almost parallel to the old grass-grown approach was made in modern times. Another version of the reason why they were closed ascribes it to sorrow over the death of a beloved Countess that no vehicle should thenceforth pass along that avenue. The former, however, is more likely to be correct. The pillars of the gateway surmounted by bears, and the mansion itself, the latter with modifications, are reproduced by Scott in the Tully-Veolan of *Waverley*.

The first Earl rose to high rank in the State, being made Lord High Treasurer of Scotland and Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly. A lawsuit was raised against him in the Court of Session, and Traquair heard that the case would go against him by the casting vote of Lord President Durie. Some time previously Traquair, while visiting Jedburgh, heard that Will Armstrong, known as Christie's Will, a descendant of the celebrated

freebooter John Armstrong, of Gilnockie, was in the prison there for theft. Knowing Will the Earl visited him in prison and inquired the cause of his confinement. Will replied that it was for stealing two tethers (halters). Further interrogated Will humorously replied that there were two delicate colts at the end of them. The reply so tickled the Earl that he exerted his influence on Will's behalf and procured his liberation. Traquair in his difficulty decided to enlist the services of Will, telling him, according to the ballad, that :—

“A vote of the canker'd Session Court
Of land and living will make me bare.

“But if auld Durie to heaven were flown,
Or if auld Durie to hell were gane,
Or . . . if he could be but ten days stown . . .
My braid lands would still be my ain.

“‘O mony a time, my lord,’ he said,
‘I’ve stown the horse frae the sleeping loun ;
But for you I’ll steal a beast as braid,
For I’ll steal Lord Durie frae Edinburgh town.’”

The prose story and the ballad after this differ, and the former is the more likely version of the incident. Finding that the Lord President was in the habit on certain days of taking the air on horseback on Leith Sands unattended, Will rode up to him, muffled him in a black cloak, and with the judge trussed



THE CLOSED GATE AT TRAQUAIR.

up behind him, rode to the ruined tower of Graham or Graeme in Annandale, not far from Moffat, where the poor President had to endure many weary days of solitary confinement in one of the vaults. As Durie's horse was found on Leith Sands it was conjectured that the judge had been drowned. His place in the Court was filled, and after the lapse of three months Traquair's case was decided in the Earl's favour. Thereupon the Earl sent a message to Will saying—according to the ballad :—

“Ye may let the auld brock out o' the poke,
The land's my ain and a's gane weel.”

Durie had a bad time of it in the old tower never hearing the sound of a human voice save when a shepherd called on his dog Batty or a domestic on Maudge the cat. These he thought were the invocations of spirits, and he fancied himself in the dungeon of a sorcerer. When Will got the message to release the judge he rode to the tower, muffled the President, and deposited him on Leith Sands at the very spot where he had been abducted. Durie, reinstalled in office, believed he had been spirited away by witchcraft, and maintained this view till some years afterwards, when he paid a visit to the old tower. The

story then leaked out, but the incident was only laughed at as a fair "ruse de guerre." The story in briefer form is told in Forbes' *Journal of the Session*, Edinburgh, 1714.

This was not the only feat performed by Will at the instance of Traquair. During the troublous reign of Charles I., in support of whom Scott says that Traquair impoverished his estate, it became necessary that a packet of papers of importance should be conveyed from Scotland to the King. Traquair employed Will who, undertaking the commission, conveyed the papers safely to His Majesty and received an answer for delivery to the Earl. In the meantime news of the transaction came to the knowledge of Cromwell who sent orders to Carlisle to intercept Will. Unconscious of his danger Will halted in the town to refresh his horse, and as soon as he reached the bridge over the Eden he found it occupied by soldiers of the Parliament. He spurred his horse over the parapet, and though the river was in flood he guided the animal to a steep bank which he succeeded in gaining. He set off for the north at full speed pursued by the troopers, menacing with his pistols any follower who seemed to be gaining on him, though his arms were useless with the wet of his plunge. The English chased him to the river Esk, which



POOL IN TRAQUAIR GROUNDS.

he swam, and reaching the Scottish bank, he turned and invited his pursuers to come over and have a drink, an invitation which was not accepted.

The career of this Earl ended in disgrace and destitution. Drifting lower and lower in the social scale he became a beggar in the streets of Edinburgh and died in the house of a cobbler. The eighth and last Earl died in 1861, and with the death of his sister fourteen years later, the line of the Stuarts of Traquair became extinct.

BRANXHOLM

Seat of the "Bold Buccleuch"

THE mansion of Branxholm or, according to the old spelling Branksome, on the Teviot, was from the early part of the fifteenth to the seventeenth century the principal seat of the family of Buccleuch. In its palmy days it was a place of considerable strength and spaciousness, as one would infer from Sir Walter's description in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," even after allowing for a poet's exaggeration :—

"Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
Hung their shields in Branksome-Hall ;
Nine-and-twenty squires of name
Brought them their steeds to bower from stall ;
Nine-and-twenty yeomen tall
Waited, duteous, on them all :
They were all knights of metal true,
Kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch.

"Ten of them were sheathed in steel,
With belted sword, and spur on heel :
Theyè quitted not their harness bright,
Neither by day, nor yet by night :
They lay down to rest,
With corslet laced,

Pillowed on buckler cold and hard ;
They carved at the meal
With gloves of steel,
And they drank the red wine through the helmet
barr'd."

Hospitable though the lairds of Branksome were, the picture presented in the above verses vividly shows the dangers that beset the Border chiefs in these early times.

The Scotts were not the first possessors of Branksome. The estate was formerly part of the lands of the Lovells, who held them along with the barony of Hawick till they were forfeited by Bruce. From the name of this family Scott no doubt called one of his characters in the *Antiquary*. The Lovells thought it no sign of disloyalty that though they were an English family with large estates in the South they should at the same time swear fealty to the Scottish King, for there was then no geographical boundary between the two kingdoms. The legendary advent of the Scotts to the district was in the time of King Kenneth, who while hunting in Ettrick saw a buck get into a deep ravine at Cakra Cross, where it turned at bay on its pursuers. A young man named John Scott rushed after the infuriated animal, seized it by the antlers, and, swinging it on his back, bore it up the

steep bank to the King, who named the ravine Buck-cleugh, saying :—

“ And for the buck thou stoutly brought
To us up that steep heuch,
Thy designation ever shall
Be John Scott in Bucksleuch.”

In reward for his prowess John was made ranger of Ettrick forest.

So much for tradition. The earliest record of the family of whom authentic account is given was Richard Scott, who was made ranger of the forest in the reign of Alexander III., and received a grant of the lands of Rankilburn and Buccleuch in Selkirkshire. This laird married the heiress of Murthockstone in Lanarkshire, and it was by this marriage that later the Scotts came into possession of lands which were exchanged for Branhholm. Richard built a Peel tower between the Buccleuch and Rankilburns, and this was the chief residence of the family till they went to Branhholm. Scott, who died in 1320, was one of those who swore fealty to Edward I. His son Michael, who fought under the Douglas at Halidon Hill, was one of the few notables who escaped slaughter, but he did not survive the disastrous battle of Nevill's Cross in 1346. Sir Robert Scott succeeded to the estate, then Sir Walter, followed by another Sir Robert who made an

exchange with Inglis of Manor of part of Murthockstone for the half of Branxholm. In 1426 Sir Walter succeeded to the property was the first of the family to be styled Buccleuch, and when Branxholm became the family residence he was known as Buccleuch and Branxholm. The castle of Branxholm was built by this laird, and, as already stated, was the chief family seat till the seventeenth century. The title of Branxholm was maintained until Dalkeith Palace became the principal family seat. In the time of James I. Buccleuch was one of the most devoted of the King's supporters in his measures to ensure that "the furze bush should keep the cow," and James rewarded his services by a grant of the lands of Eckford, in Roxburghshire. During the Douglas rebellion in the reign of James II., Scott remained faithful to the King's party, and received further grants of land, attaining great power and distinction. He took a prominent part under the Earl of Angus at the battle of Arkinholm. He died in 1469 and was succeeded by Sir David Scott, who made large additions to Branxholm and who also repaired and put into a better state of defence the castle of Hermitage of which he had been appointed keeper, garrisoning it with a hundred men. Janet Scott, a daughter of

David, married one of the Douglasses, this forming the first alliance between two powerful families.

The next knight was Sir Walter Scott, known as "Wicked Wat," who was a thorn in the side of the marauding English. In 1526 the Earl of Angus, who had succeeded in obtaining the guardianship of the youthful James V., brought the young King to Jedburgh to hold a Justice Court. James communicated with Scott to rescue him from the power of Angus. Gathering an army of about 600 men, consisting chiefly of Armstrongs and Elliots, they marched to Melrose where they came up with the Royal party, and a battle ensued which at the outset was in favour of the troops led by Scott. Lord Home and the Kers of Cessford and Ferniehirst who had left Angus to return home came back, and with this accession to his force Angus defeated Scott. In the pursuit of Buccleuch James Elliot, a follower of the latter, turned and killed Cessford with his spear. Thus originated a feud between the Scotts and the Kers, which lasted until marriage between the rival families ended hostilities. A charge of treason against Buccleuch was made and he had to retire to France, but when James regained his freedom Buccleuch was recalled from exile and vindicated.

The next we hear of him was at the battle of Ancrum Moor and, says Buchanan, it was owing to his strategy that Angus was able to inflict such a crushing defeat on the English, who had destroyed the tombs of the Douglasses at Melrose and further defaced the Abbey. Ancrum gave him his revenge, for in addition to the victory both Evers and Latoun were slain. Says Leyden :—

“ When Scott and Douglas led the Border spears,
The mountain streams were bridg'd with English dead ;
Dark Ancrum's heath was dyed with deeper red ;
The ravag'd Abbey rang the funeral knell,
When fierce Latoun and savage Evers fell.”

After the Hertford raids were over the Earl of Arran, then Regent of Scotland, in 1550 appointed Sir Walter Scott Governor-General and Justiciar of all Liddesdale and Warden of the Middle Marches. Two years later while Scott was walking down the High Street of Edinburgh he was suddenly attacked by a party of Kers and their friends, Hume of Coldenknows stabbing him and casting his body into a booth. Two servants of the Kers passing the place soon after and finding life not quite extinct completed the murder. Cessford and his allies were able to make their escape from the city before it became known who it

was that had been so foully done to death. The body of the murdered knight was taken to Hawick and interred in St Mary's Church. The lady of Buccleuch was of the stern and vindictive type—Froude calls her infamous—and she cherished schemes of revenge.

“O'er her warrior's bloody bier
The ladye dropped nor flower nor tear ;
Vengeance, deep brooding o'er the slain,
Had lock'd the source of softer woe ;
And burning pride and high disdain
Forbade the rising tear to flow.”

The result was that the Kers were declared rebels and sentenced to outlawry. The severity of the sentence told heavily on the clan and the Kers of Cessford, Ferniehirst, and the Hirsels petitioned the Council for some remission of their sentence, saying they had nothing wherewith to maintain themselves and their families unless they stole or plundered, while being “at the horn they dared not resort to their friends but lay in the woods and fells.” The sentence of outlawry was remitted, but those directly implicated in the murder were banished. Twelve years later the Kers returned from France, but the feud was not quenched till the heads of the respective clans saw that something must be done to end the strife. Ker of Cessford and Buccleuch entered into a bond



BRANXHOLM.

to bury the hatchet, one of the conditions being that Ker should go to St Giles Church on a certain day and, in sight of the people, on his knees ask mercy for the slaughter of Sir Walter Scott, and promise that he and his friends would observe the contract. Sir Thomas Ker of Ferniehirst refused to be a party to the agreement, but eventually the charms of Janet Scott, sister of Buccleuch, overruled his objections, and their marriage finally ended the feud between the two clans. In the reign of Elizabeth another punitive incursion on the Borders took place, and Buccleuch, unable successfully to defend Branxholm, destroyed it himself, determined that no Englishman should be able to boast that he had destroyed the house of Buccleuch. He was a warm supporter of Queen Mary. A plot was hatched to take the Regent Lennox and leaders of the King's party at Stirling, and Buccleuch was one of the leaders in this enterprise. Early in the morning they entered Stirling and captured the Regent and nine other lords ; but while the Liddesdale and Teviotdale men were busy plundering the town, the Earl of Mar with a force of forty men came down from the castle and rescued the prisoners. Lennox, however, was killed. Buccleuch was captured but after a brief imprisonment was released. In 1571

Buccleuch commenced to rebuild Branhholm which he had himself destroyed, and this work was completed in 1576 by his widow. After the rebellion of Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, and his flight abroad Sir Walter Scott, son of the above-mentioned laird, was appointed Keeper of Liddesdale; but having somehow become involved in the treason of his stepfather Bothwell, he was sent abroad but allowed to return in a year and re-appointed Keeper and Warden of the West Marches.

The exploit which spread the fame of a Buccleuch over all Scotland and farther, was the rescue of Kinmont Willie from Carlisle Castle. Willie was captured on Scottish soil in violation of the truce between the two countries. Buccleuch, as Warden of the Marches, wrote to Lord Scroope, the corresponding English Warden, and demanded the return of the captive. King James VI. also wrote to Scroope and to Elizabeth, with no effect, so Buccleuch took the matter into his own hands, and with a company of 80 men, or, as Scroope stated, 200, they on a dark night captured the castle and bore Willie back to Scotland in triumph. Part of the ballad, one of the most spirited ever written, is worth quoting:—

“Now word is gane to the bauld keeper,
In Branksome Ha', where that he lay,
That Lord Scroope has ta'en the Kinmont Willie,
Between the hours of night and day.

“He has ta'en the table wi' his hand,
He garr'd the red wine spring on hie—
'Now Christ's curse on my head,' he said,
'But avenged of Lord Scroope I'll be!

“‘O is my basnet a widow's curch?
Or my lance a wand of the willow tree?
Or my arm a ladye's lilye hand,
That an English lord should lightly me!

“‘And have they ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Against the truce of Border tide?
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Is Keeper here on the Scottish side?

“‘And have they e'en ta'en him, Kinmont Willie,
Withouten either dread or fear?
And forgotten that the bauld Buccleuch
Can back a steed, or shake a spear?

“‘O were there war between the lands,
As well I wot that there is none,
I would slight Carlisle castell high,
Though it were builded of marble stone.

“‘I would set that castell in a low,
And sloken it with English blood!
There's nevir a man in Cumberland,
Should ken where Carlisle castell stood.

“‘But since nae war's between the lands,
And there is peace, and peace should be;
I'll neither harm English lad or lass,
And yet the Kinmont freed shall be!’

“ He has call’d him forty Marchmen bauld,
 I trow they were of his ain name,
 Except Sir Gilbert Elliot call’d,
 The Laird of Stobs, I mean the same.

* * * *

“ There were five and five before them a’,
 Wi’ hunting horns and bugles bright;
 And five and five came wi’ Buccleuch,
 Like warden’s men, array’d for fight:

“ And five and five, like a mason gang,
 That carried the ladders lang and hie;
 And five and five like broken men;
 And so they reach’d the Woodhouselee.

“ And as we cross’d the Bateable Land,
 When to the English side we held,
 The first o’ men that we met wi’,
 Whae sould it be but fause Sakelde?

“ ‘Where be gaun, ye hunters keen?’
 Quo’ fause Sakelde; ‘Come tell to me!’
 ‘We go to hunt an English stag,
 Has trespass’d on the Scots’ countrie.’

* * * *

“ ‘Where be ye gaun, ye broken men?’
 Quo’ fause Sakelde; ‘Come tell to me!’
 Now Dickie of Dryhope led that band,
 And the never a word o’ lear had he.

“ ‘Why trespass ye on the English side?
 Row-footed outlaws, stand!’ quo’ he;
 The nevir a word had Dickie to say,
 Sae he thrust the lance through his fause bodie.

“Then on we held for Carlisle toun,
And at Staneshaw-bank the Eden we cross’d;
The water was great and meikle of spait,
But the nevir a horse nor man we lost.

“And when we reach’d the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind was rising loud and hie;
And there the laird garr’d leave our steeds,
For fear that they should stamp and nie.

“And when we left the Staneshaw-bank,
The wind began full loud to blaw;
But ’twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet,
When we came beneath the castle wa’!

“We crept on knees, and held our breath,
Till we placed the ladders against the wa’;
And sae ready was Buccleuch himsell
To mount the first, before us a’.

“He has ta’en the watchman by the throat,
He flung him down upon the lead—
‘Had there not been peace between our land,
Upon the other side thou hadst gaed!

“‘Now sound out trumpets!’ quo’ Buccleuch;
‘Let’s waken Lord Scroope, right merrilie!’
Then loud the warden’s trumpet blew—
‘*O wha dare meddle wi’ me?*’

“Then speedilie to work we gaed,
And raised the slogan ane and a’,
And cut a hole thro’ a sheet of lead,
And so we wan to the castle ha’.

“They thought King James and a’ his men
Had won the house wi’ bow and spear;
It was but twenty Scots and ten,
That put a thousand in sic a stear!

“Wi’ coulters and wi’ fore-hammers,
We garr’d the bars bang merrilie,
Until we cam to the inner prison,
Where Willie o’ Kinmont he did lie.

* * * *

“Then Red Rowan has hente him up,
The starkest man in Teviotdale—
‘Abide, abide now, Red Rowan,
Till of my Lord Scroope I take farewell.’

“‘Farewell, farewell, my gude Lord Scroope!
My gude Lord Scroope, farewell!’ he cried—
‘I’ll pay you for my lodging mail,
When first we meet on the Border side.’

“Then shoulder high, with shout and cry,
We bore him down the ladder long;
At every stride Red Rowan made,
I wot the Kinmont’s airns play’d clang!

“‘O mony a time,’ quo’ Kinmont Willie,
I have ridden horse baith wild and wood;
But a rougher beast than Red Rowan,
I ween my legs have ne’er bestrode.

“‘And mony a time,’ quo’ Kinmont Willie,
‘I’ve pricked a horse out oure the furs;
But since the day I backed a steed,
I never wore sic cumbrous spurs!’

“We scarce had won the Staneshaw-bank
When a’ the Carlisle bells were rung,
And a thousand men, in horse and foot,
Cam wi’ the keen Lord Scroope along.

“Buccleuch has turned to Eden water,
Even where it flow’d frae bank to brim,
And he has plunged in wi’ a’ his band,
And safely swam them through the stream.

“He turned him on the other side,
And at Lord Scroope his glove flung he —
‘If ye like na my visit in Merry England,
In fair Scotland come visit me!’

“All sore astonished stood Lord Scroope,
He stood as still as rock of stane;
He scarcely dared to trew his eyes,
When through the water they had gane.

“‘He is either himsell a devil frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch maun be;
I wad na have ridden that wan water,
For a’ the gowd in Christentie.’”

Elizabeth was indignant at what she considered the flagrant affront of taking a prisoner from the custody of her warden, and insisted on Buccleuch being delivered up to her. James resisted, on which complications arose. Scroope raided the Scottish border and committed unparalleled atrocities, to avenge which Scott and Ker of Cessford harried the English

border, not only bringing back much spoil, but apprehending thirty-six Tynedale thieves and executing them. This intensified Elizabeth's displeasure against Buccleuch and Cessford, and there was danger of a war between the two nations.

An arrangement was come to by English and Scottish Commissioners, by whom it was agreed that delinquents on both sides should be delivered up, and that the chiefs should enter into ward in the opposite countries till these were given up and pledges granted for the future maintenance of peace on the Borders. It required all James' authority to induce Buccleuch and Ker to comply with these conditions, and when eventually they appeared at Berwick an incident occurred which nearly caused a revival of the feud between the Scotts and Kers. Buccleuch had chosen for his guardian Sir William Selby, Master of the Ordnance at Berwick, when one of Sir Robert Ker's retinue discharged a pistol on which a cry of treason was raised. Had not the Earl of Home with a party of Merse men been present there might have been a serious outbreak. The English Commissioners returned in dismay to Berwick disposed to wreak vengeance on Buccleuch, who, on his side was mortally offended with Cessford, by whose



BRANHOLM—FRONT VIEW.

means he thought he had been placed in dangerous circumstances. Cessford, however, appeased all parties by delivering himself up to ward in England, choosing for his guardian Sir Robert Carey, deputy-warden of the East Marches, and afterwards, we are told, Carey and Ker became fast friends.

When Buccleuch reached London the Queen asked him how he dared undertake such an enterprise as his raid on Carlisle Castle. Buccleuch replied, "Madame, what would a man not dare to do?" Turning to her courtiers, Elizabeth, who appreciated prowess, said, "With ten thousand such men our brother of Scotland might shake the firmest throne in Europe." Buccleuch stayed in London for some time ostensibly as a captive, but in reality as a distinguished guest. In 1606, after the Union of the Crowns, Scott was raised to the peerage. After the death of the first Earl, whose remains were interred in St Mary's Church, Hawick, with great ceremony—the last of his line to be laid there—Branxholm ceased to be the chief family residence. It still remains in the family, however, and is a fine example of the home of a Border chief in feudal times, even though somewhat modernised.

CESSFORD CASTLE

A Scottish Outpost

THE ducal house of Roxburghe and the Marquesses of Lothian both trace their descent from the Kers who settled in the Border country early in the fourteenth century. Two brothers, Ralph and Robert, are the first of the family of whom we have any authentic account, and Robert was the progenitor of the Kers of Cessford, who ultimately became Dukes of Roxburghe. The ruined Castle of Cessford, which stands on the bank of one of the hill streams that flow into the Kale Water, is about midway between the villages of Morebattle and Crailing, and only seven miles from the English border. It occupies a romantic situation in one of those fertile glens that pierce the solitudes of the Cheviots. The walls of the castle enclosed an area of about 70 feet by 60, and comparatively small though the building was, the Earl of Surrey considered it the strongest fastness in Scotland except Dunbar and Fast Castle. It had a subterranean vault, to which access could only be

obtained by raising a large stone. No doubt persons as well as property were hidden in this gloomy receptacle. After 1650 Cessford ceased to be a residence of the Kers.

The Mowbray family were the first possessors of Cessford, but they lost it through being concerned with Lord Soulis in the conspiracy against Bruce. It is not certain as to who were the immediate successors to the Mowbrays, but in 1446 the Earl of Douglas, afterwards Duke of Turenne, confirmed a charter to Andrew Ker of the barony of Cessford, and until the fall of the Douglasses from power the house of Cessford was devoted to their cause. Andrew accompanied the forfeited Earl to Rome as one of a train of a hundred knights, and a few years later got a charter of old Roxburgh, but fell into disgrace through being concerned in carrying off James III. from Linlithgow. In 1488 his son Walter Ker got Roxburgh Castle, and the Maisons Dieu of Roxburgh and Jedburgh from James IV. After the return of Roxburgh to Scottish possession it was restored to Cessford by James V. Walter's son Robert, while Warden of the West Marches, was killed by three Englishmen named Heron, Lilburn, and Starhead. Heron escaped but Lilburn was captured and died in prison; while Sir Andrew Ker, Robert's son, captured

Starhead whom they decapitated, and his head was exposed on the Cross at Edinburgh.

In 1526 James V., a boy in the custody of the Earl of Angus, was returning to Edinburgh from a punitive expedition against the freebooters when Buccleuch tried to rescue James from the Douglas in the Battle of Melrose, and might have succeeded had not Lord Home and the Laird of Cessford, who had left Angus, returned with their followers at the critical time, this augmentation of the followers of Angus resulting in the defeat of Buccleuch. In the pursuit Sir Andrew Ker was killed as related in the chapter on Branhholm. Thus arose the deadly feud between the rival houses which was not ended for many years.

In October 1548 Walter Ker of Cessford and Mark Ker of Ferniehirst were apprehended by order of Arran, while Governor of Scotland, and imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle. It was supposed that this was at the instigation of Buccleuch, and Cessford's brother rode to Roxburgh and induced Lord Grey to make a foray on the Buccleuch lands. Nothing loth Grey, with the assistance of the Kers, burned Hawick and various places on the Teviot, Borthwick water, and Slitrig water, extending their depredations to the waters of Ettrick and Yarrow. The dowager Lady Buccleuch was



CESSFORD CASTLE.

then residing in the tower of Catslack which the Kers surrounded, setting fire to it and burning the old lady to death, even though she was one of the Cessford Kers, so fierce was the feud between the rival houses. The incident of the murder of Sir Walter Scott by the Kers in the High Street of Edinburgh is related in the chapter on Branhholm.

In 1564 Sir Walter Ker of Cessford was Warden of the Middle Marches; but he evidently found his office no sinecure, for he had to appeal to Queen Mary and the Council that he was not supported in his office of maintaining order and good rule within his bounds, and a proclamation was issued commanding the barons and others to attend the Warden when summoned, and give him their support in the discharge of the duties of his office. In the time of Queen Mary we find the Kers of Cessford and Ferniehirst espousing opposite sides, Cessford supporting the Regent Moray and Ferniehirst the Queen's party. In 1570 when Sussex marched to Jedburgh, Cessford satisfied him that he had not molested the peace with England by entertaining any of the English rebels as Ferniehirst had done, and he had all his possessions and those of his kindred preserved. The following year a herald was sent to Jedburgh to proclaim

obedience to the Queen; but the burghers gave him short-shrift, whereupon Ferniehirst and Buccleuch, supporters of the Queen, collected 3000 men and marched on the town. The Regent sent Lord Ruthven to support the burghers, and charged the Laird of Cessford to hasten to the aid of the town. This he did and the Scotts being menaced by Cessford in front, and Ruthven in rear, retired without giving battle.

The next Ker of note was Sir Robert, better known as Habbie Ker, concerning whom many exploits are recorded. In 1585, while only fifteen years old, he joined in ousting Arran from the Councils of James VI., and later was Warden of the Middle Marches. Sir Robert Carey, the English Warden, asked Ker to appoint a meeting to regulate affairs on the Borders; but before this could take place Ker made a raid into England and seized a Borderer against whom he had a cause of quarrel and put him to death at his own door. Carey retaliated by hanging Geordie Bourne, a notorious depredator and thoroughly bad character. Royalty intervened, as related in the Chapter on Buccleuch, and Cessford was ordered to be delivered into English custody when he chose for his guardian Sir Robert Carey. The imprisonment was a

nominal one on Ker giving assurances that he would observe its terms. Carey and he dined and hunted together until they became fast friends, and the result was a great improvement in life on that part of the Borders afterwards. James VI. was very friendly to the Kers, and in 1574 he granted the barony of Auld Roxburgh to Robert Ker, who became one of the most notable of the Border chiefs, and in 1616 was made Earl of Roxburghe. He was Lord Privy Seal during part of the reign of Charles I. In 1707 John, Earl of Roxburghe, was elevated to the Dukedom and made a Knight of the Garter.

FERNIEHIRST CASTLE

A Barbarous Scottish Revenge

THE castle of Ferniehirst stands on the right bank of the Jed in the midst of some of the loveliest sylvan scenery in the south of Scotland. The Jed here flows between steep banks in a narrow well-wooded valley, and one can well imagine that in early times when the forest surrounded it on every side the castle would be well nigh impregnable until the introduction of artillery. A castle existed in the valley when Bruce conferred the mercat town of Jedburgh, the castle, and forest on the good Sir James Douglas, and one of his descendants conferred a charter on Thomas Ker to erect a fortress, which he called Ferniehirst. The original building has disappeared, its remains being converted into a farmhouse, while the chapel attached was made a stable. No part of the present building is of earlier date than the end of the sixteenth century, and it was very judiciously restored by the ninth Marquess of Lothian.

The castle has been the scene of many a

conflict, for the Kers like other Border chiefs were no great lovers of peace, and when not themselves taking part in forays were hand and glove with those who did. A son of Sir Thomas, named Andrew, known as Dand Ker, was a notable character, and one of his exploits was to march on Kelso, take the Abbey and turn the abbot out of doors. Ker was shortly after this arrested along with Lord Home and his brother, but while the latter were executed Ker escaped punishment.

After Earl Surrey had taken Jedburgh in 1523 he sent Dacre with 800 men to capture Ferniehirst; but the besiegers were stoutly resisted, and it was only by the help of their artillery that they succeeded in gaining possession. In the account given to Wolsey by Surrey of this raid, the latter says that on the evening of the day on which the capture took place the horses broke loose and scampered wildly past the camp. The English, thinking this was an attack by the Scots, shot about a hundred sheaf of arrows at them and killed many, others fell into the Jed or rushed among the flames of the burning buildings, while many were captured by the country people. Dacre thought all this was due to the devil and his allies, "who were seen no less than six times that night."

The English after this held Ferniehirst till 1549 when the Sieur D'Essé with his French troops, aided by Sir John Ker, laid siege to the castle. The garrison made a brave defence, but the Scoto-French forces ultimately won the outer defences and kept the English so hotly engaged that they were unable to prevent the besiegers mining a hole in the wall capable of admitting a man. The Scots then burst into the castle, thirsting for vengeance against the English and especially their captain, whose excesses of cruelty and lust had made him execrated in the district. The English surrendered to the French Commander, imploring his protection, and this was granted, the officer trying to get the captain safely out of the *mêlée*. A Scot, whose wife the captain had maltreated, coming behind, cut off the captain's head with such force that it was sent yards away from the body. The jubilant Scots rushed forward, washed their hands in the blood of their oppressor, and tossed the head from hand to hand. The prisoners were put to death cruelly, the Scots contending who could show the greatest skill in severing limbs before inflicting a mortal wound. When they had thus disposed of their own prisoners they purchased those of the French. One of the French officers in relating the story of the siege



FERNIEHIRST CASTLE.

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said, "I myself sold the Scots a prisoner for a small horse. They laid him down upon the ground, galloped over him with their lances in rest, and wounded him as they passed. When slain they cut his body in pieces and bore the mangled gobbets in triumph on the point of their spears." This was truly a barbarous revenge, but to have provoked it the conduct of the English garrison must have been deplorable. In 1569 the Earl of Westmoreland and other English rebels found shelter at Ferniehirst, and in the following year Sussex penetrated into Teviotdale and laid Ferniehirst in ruins along with fifty towers and peels and three hundred towns, villages, and hamlets belonging to Ker and Buccleuch.

In the time of the Regent Morton Sir Thomas Ker refused to submit to the new government and harassed the burghers of Jedburgh and the followers of his kinsman, Ker of Cessford. The result was that his estates were forfeited, but the Regent bestowed part of them on his wife, Janet Scott, which was confirmed by the Privy Council.

On James VI. ascending the throne Sir Thomas was recalled and his estates restored. One of his sons was the notorious Earl of Somerset and Viscount Rochester. The next baronet was Sir Andrew Ker, who was made

a peer in 1622, with the title of Lord Jedburgh. The property afterwards came into possession of Lady Anne, heiress of the Earl of Lothian, and her husband Sir William Ker became the third Earl of Lothian. Their son Robert was created Marquess of Lothian by William III. in 1701. The ninth Marquess, who married the eldest daughter of the fifth Duke of Buccleuch, thus again uniting two of the great Border houses, was the first Secretary of State for Scotland, and, residing chiefly at Mount Teviot, he spent large sums in restoring Jedburgh Abbey and Ferniehirst Castle. Newbattle House, also a principal seat of the family, is one of the richest treasure-houses in the country in respect of its collection of pictures and other works of art, Spanish and Italian literature, and MSS.

SMAILHOLM TOWER

Scott's Boyhood Home

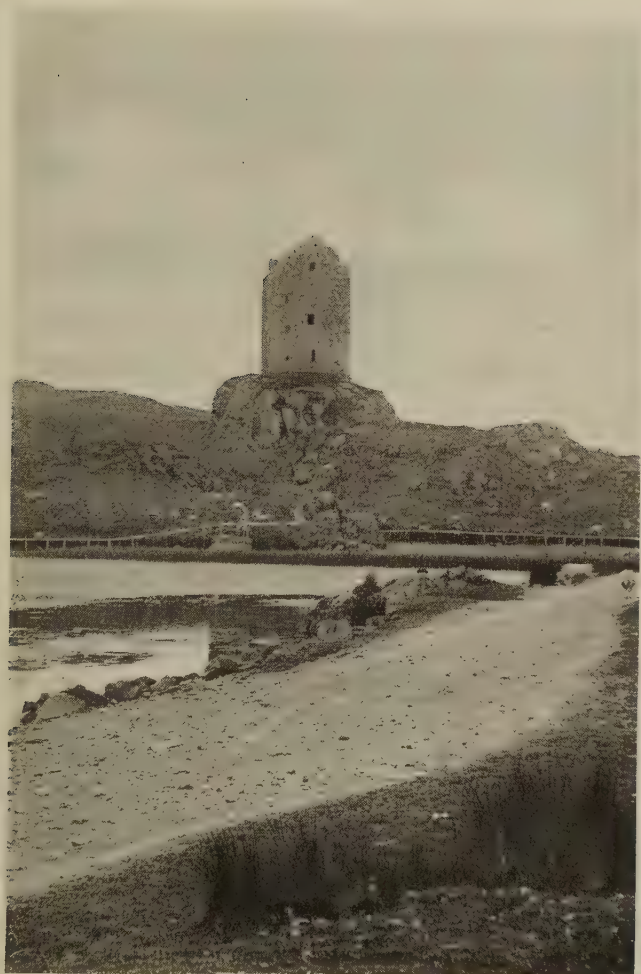
THE tourist desirous of exploring what has come to be known as the Scott country, considers that he has fulfilled his mission by visiting the lordly mansion of Abbotsford, where our famous novelist spent the later years of his life—from forty-one onwards—and the ruined Abbeys of Melrose and Dryburgh, the last-named containing under the arches of St Mary's aisle the mortal remains of the great romancer. Few, however, are those who wend their way to the crags at Sandyknowe, and the peel tower of Smailholm which crowns that eminence, where Scott spent several of the early years of his life. It is perhaps well that the solitude of this rocky fastness is but seldom disturbed by the screech of the motor horn, due no doubt, to its comparative inaccessibility, which hedges it round with a series of byways not designed for modern traffic.

A visit, however, well repays the traveller. It is but a short walk from the farmhouse of

Sandyknowe to the steep rocky escarpment 680 feet high, crowned by the tower, at the base of which on that side is a small sheet of water that adds to the picturesque aspect of the landscape. From the tower, or its base, the eye wanders over a great part of the Borderland. Far below are the ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, embosomed in yews as ancient as the Abbey itself, opposite are the triple peaks of the Eildons; southward the Cheviots bound the horizon; to the east Hume Castle is an outstanding feature; north-west are the hills of the Gala, Ettrick, and Yarrow, all famous in Border story. In such surroundings, did Scott receive those early impressions which, in later years, found outlet in a romantic literature that has charmed millions of readers the wide world o'er. Who can measure the indebtedness we owe to the circumstance that in these early and impressionable years Scott's mind was stored with Border lore by his grandmother amid surroundings so inspiring.

In 1804 Scott took up residence at Ashestiel, and in the introduction to the third Canto of "Marmion," he gives an inspired description of Smailholm :—

"Thus while I ape the measure wild
Of tales that charm'd me yet a child,



SMAILHOLM TOWER.

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Rude though they be, still with the chime
Return the thoughts of early time ;
And feelings, roused in life's first day,
Glow in the line, and prompt the lay.
Then rise those crags, that mountain tower,
Which charm'd my fancy's wakening hour.
Though no broad river swept along,
To claim, perchance, heroic song ;
Though sigh'd no groves in summer gale,
To prompt of love a softer tale ;
Though scarce a puny streamlet's speed
Claim'd homage from a shepherd's reed ;
Yet was poetic impulse given,
By the green hill and clear blue heaven.

“It was a barren scene and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled ;
But ever and anon between
Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green.
And well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wallflower grew,
And honeysuckle loved to crawl
Up the low crag and ruin'd wall.
I deemed such nooks the sweetest shade
The sun in all its round surveyed,
And still I thought that shattered tower
The mightiest work of human power,
And marvelled as the aged hind
With some strange tale bewitched my mind,
Of forayers who, with headlong force,
Down from that strength had spurr'd their horse,
Their southern rapine to renew,
Far in the distant Cheviots blue ;
And home returning fill'd the hall
With revel, wassel-rout, and brawl.

“Methought that still with trump and clang,
The gateway’s broken arches rang ;
Methought grim features, seam’d with scars,
Glared through the window’s rusty bars,
And ever, by the winter hearth,
Of tales I heard of woe or mirth,
Of lovers’ slights, of ladies’ charms,
Of witches’ spells, of warriors’ arms ;
Of patriot battles, won of old
By Wallace wight and Bruce the bold ;
Of later fields of feud and fight,
When pouring from their Highland height,
The Scottish clans, in headlong sway,
Had swept the scarlet ranks away.
While stretch’d at length upon the floor,
Again I fought each combat o’er,
Pebbles and shells in order laid,
The mimic ranks of war display’d
And onward still the Scottish lion bore,
And still the scatter’d Southron fled before.”

The tower probably dates back to the end of the fourteenth century, though not in its completed form. The walls are 9 feet thick, and the building is an exact specimen of an ancient border-keep, with a barmkyn or outer fortification within which the cattle would be driven on any alarm being raised. The tower corresponds in dimensions to the ancient tower of Bemersyde, now one of the residences of Earl Haig. James V., desirous of increasing the number of strongholds on the Border, ordained that every proprietor of a hundred

pounds of land valuation should construct such a fortress, stipulating by Act of Parliament the style of architecture and defence of such towers, and it was probably at this time that the tower took its completed form. The building is of three storeys and is 60 feet high from base to balcony.

The earliest proprietors of whom we have knowledge were the Pringles of Galashiels. Sir James Pringle, the last of the family to retain the designation Galashiels, settled the Gala estates on his son-in-law, Hugh Scott—the first of the family of the Scotts of Gala—retired to the old tower of Smailholm, and thenceforth assumed that title. He settled the property on his son John, who did not long survive his father, but before he died he sold Smailholm to Sir William Scott of Harden, to whose estate of Mertoun Smailholm was adjacent. The tower was thereafter allowed to fall into decay, though there is a tradition that an old lady resided in it till the beginning of the eighteenth century. The property is now owned by the Earl of Ellesmere.

About the middle of the eighteenth century the farm of Sandyknowe was rented by Robert Scott, grandfather of Sir Walter Scott. In the summer of 1773 Scott, when in his third

year, was sent by his father to Sandyknowe to recruit after an attack of teething fever which had made him lame. Here he was nursed by his aunt, Janet Scott, and heard his grandmother tell stories of the old life on the Borders, while she also read to him some of the most stirring of the Border ballads. It is amusing to read in these days of one of the remedial measures taken to cure the boy's lameness, which was to encase him, naked, in the skin and fleece of a newly-killed sheep, enticing him to creep about the floor of the farmhouse in this warm covering. Scott, needless to say, enjoyed much more being carried to the crags by the women ewe milkers, and "so gleg was he at the uptake" that he soon knew every sheep and lamb by head mark. As he grew a little older he became great friends with Sandy Ormiston, the shepherd, and he would be taken to the crags sitting astride on Sandy's shoulder, and remain with the shepherd for hours rolling about on the grass in a sort of fellowship with the sheep. One day he had not been taken home, and a thunderstorm coming on, his aunt ran to the crags to search for him. She found the boy lying on his back clapping his hands as he saw the lightning flashes, and crying, "Bonnie, bonnie, dae't again!" at every

flash. Later Scott was promoted to the ownership of a small Shetland pony, which had the run of the house, and fed from the boy's hand.

Nine years before "Marmion" was published Scott was busy collecting Border ballads. His own contribution was the ballad of "The Eve of St John," written at Mertoun House in 1799. While Scott was staying there with Harden, he heard that it was proposed to hand over the tower to the spoiler, when he intervened and pleaded for its preservation. To this Harden humorously agreed provided Scott would write a ballad about it. The result was the composition above-mentioned, in which Scott repeoples the tower, and makes it the scene of a tragedy, invoking the supernatural in the person of the spirit of Sir Richard of Coldinghame, the guilty lover of the lady of Smailholm. Richard has been slain by the Baron who, on returning to Smailholm, questioned his page as to what his lady had been doing in his absence. He tells the Baron of visits by a knight whom she called Sir Richard of Coldinghame and their meetings on the Beacon Hill.

"The bold Baron's brow then changed, I trow,

From high blood red to pale—

'The grave is deep and dark—and the corpse is stiff and stark—

So I may not trust thy tale.

“ ‘Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,
And Eildon slopes to the plain,
Full three nights ago, by some secret foe,
That gay gallant was slain.

“ ‘The varying light deceived thy sight,
And the wild winds drown’d the name
For the Dryburgh bells ring, and the white monks do
sing,
For Sir Richard of Coldinghame!’ ”

The Baron then enters the tower, and after greetings his lady asks him what news from Ancrum fight and the bold Buccleuch, to which he replies :—

“ ‘The Ancrum moor is red with gore,
For many a Southern fell ;
And Buccleuch has charged us evermore,
To watch our beacons well.’

“ ‘The lady blush’d red, but nothing she said ;
Nor added the Baron a word :
Then she stepp’d down the stair to her chamber fair,
And so did her moody lord.

“ ‘In sleep the lady mourn’d, and the Baron toss’d and
turn’d,
And oft to himself he said—
‘The worms around him creep, and his bloody grave is
deep,
It cannot give up the dead!’

“ ‘It was near the ringing of matin-bell,
The night was well nigh done,
When a heavy sleep on that Baron fell,
On the eve of good St John.

“The lady look’d through the chamber fair,
By the light of a dying flame ;
And she was aware of a knight stood there—
Sir Richard of Coldinghame !

“‘Alas ! away, away !’ she cried,
‘For the holy Virgin’s sake !’
‘Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side ;
But, lady, he will not awake.

“‘By Eildon tree, for long nights three,
In bloody grave have I lain ;
The mass and the death-prayer are said for me,
But, lady, they are said in vain.

“‘By the Baron’s brand, near Tweed’s fair strand,
Most foully slain I fell ;
And my restless sprite, on the beacon’s height,
For a space is doom’d to dwell.

“‘At our trysting-place for a certain space,
I must wander to and fro ;’
But I had not had power to come to thy bower,
Hadst thou not conjured me so.’

“Love mastered fear—her brow she cross’d ;
‘How, Richard, hast thou sped ?
And art thou saved, or art thou lost ?’
The Vision shook his head.

“‘Who spilleth life shall forfeit life ;
So bid thy lord believe :
That lawless love is guilt above,
This awful sign receive.’

“He laid his left palm on an oaken beam,
His right upon her hand ;
The lady shrunk, and fainting sunk,
For it scorched like a fiery brand.

"The sable score, of fingers four,
Remains on that board impress'd ;
And for evermore that lady wore
A covering on her wrist.

"There is a nun in Dryburgh bower,
Ne'er looks upon the sun ;
There is a monk in Melrose tower,
He speaketh word to none.

"That nun who ne'er beholds the day,
That monk, who speaks to none—
That nun was Smaylho'me's Lady gay,
That monk the bold Baron."

HUME CASTLE

The Watch-Dog of the Merse

THE watch-dogs of the eastern border were Wark Castle and Hume Castle. The situation of each was well adapted for the purpose. Wark, now in ruins, crowned a lofty eminence on the English bank of the Tweed, and nestling at the base of the hill may still be seen a few cottages, successors of the huts that in former days were grouped for safety under the shelter of the fortress. Hume Castle stands on an eminence 600 feet high in the heart of Berwickshire, from which the watchmen on its towers could see across the plains of the Merse an English force crossing the ford near Coldstream, and to-day the little village clustering on the slope of the hill tells the same story as that at Wark. The illustration shows some of the houses and the crenellated curtain wall, bearing little resemblance to a feudal castle, which was built early in the nineteenth century by Sir Hugh Purves Hume Campbell of Marchmont to enclose the ruins.

The family of Home (pronounced Hume) dates from Patrick, second son of Cospatrick, the third Earl of Dunbar and March, who had gifts from his father of lands in the Merse. His son William married a daughter of the fifth Earl of March, and through her he had the lands of Home, their successors assuming the name of Home. In the thirteenth century knighthood was conferred on John Home, whose grandson, David Home of Wedderburn, was the ancestor of the Earls of Marchmont. In 1473 Sir Alexander Home was raised to the Peerage. The third Lord Home led a wing of the army at Flodden, and Home was almost the only Scotsman of note who escaped from that fatal field where twelve earls, thirteen lords, and five eldest sons of peers were slain. Home is accused of having fled from the field before the battle was decided, an accusation which is unsupported. Indeed his section of the army led by Huntly and Home was the only section which defeated the English.

Lord Home was a great favourite with James IV. who, in 1488, appointed him Great Chamberlain of Scotland for life, and gave him the governorship of the Royal Castle of Stirling. This *de facto* made him the Prime Minister of Scotland, a position which he occupied during the greater part of the reign





HUME CASTLE.

of James. In 1489 he was also appointed Warden of the Eastern Marches. Home died in 1505 and was succeeded by his son Alexander, who was afterwards appointed Warden of all the Marches. With their numerous kindred, extensive possessions and important State appointments, the Homes were at this time at the zenith of their power, and even afterwards played an important part in Scottish politics till the Union of the Crowns.

In 1513 Lord Home at the head of 8000 men crossed the Border and, after laying waste the country, they proceeded to return home with their booty. Neglecting discipline the new Lord Chamberlain omitted to form an advance guard, but marched forward driving the huge herds of captured cattle which so encumbered the army that he was defeated in the Pass of Broomhouse by Sir William Bulmer in a surprise attack. In this as usual the southern archers played an important part, concealing themselves in the furze with which the place abounded and striking down the Scottish troops by an unexpected shower of arrows. The English horse then fell upon the disorganised force and completed the victory. Five hundred men were slain and Home's brother and 400 followers were captured. So much was James IV. incensed by this battle

that, according to Tytler, he resolved on the war with England which ended in the disaster of Flodden.

After Flodden, Home was appointed Chief Justice south of the Forth, and in that district exercised almost regal authority. When the Queen Regent in 1514 married the Earl of Angus, Home was one of her strongest supporters. Albany returned from France, was elected Regent, and took decisive measures to assert his power. He commanded Home, who was then Provost of Edinburgh to arrest Sir George Douglas, the brother of Angus, but he indignantly refused and fled to Newark Castle. Albany insisted that Home should leave the country, whereupon he communicated with England and, assured of support, retook Hume Castle which had been seized by the Regent. He then secured the tower of Blackadder as a safe retreat for the Queen and escorted her thither with forty troopers. Albany sent a strong force to the Borders and Home, though taken prisoner, managed to escape and fled to England, whither the Queen and Angus followed him. After a time Home was allowed to return to Scotland and resume his hereditary possessions. It is alleged that after this Home resumed correspondence with the English, which is said to

have come to the knowledge of Albany. In ignorance of this Home, his brother William, and Ker of Ferniehirst went to Edinburgh and they were apprehended and found guilty of treason. The Homes were immediately executed but Ker was pardoned by the Regent. Home's office of Chamberlain was bestowed on Lord Fleming, while the French Knight, Sir Anthony D'Arcy, known as the *Sieur de la Beauté*, to whose keeping the fortress of Dunbar had been committed, was appointed Warden of the East Marches.

This appointment of D'Arcy was more than the Homes could brook, considering the wardenship theirs of right. D'Arcy went to Langton Castle, near Duns, on a punitive expedition, whereupon Sir David Home of Wedderburn collected a force and put D'Arcy to flight. The latter rode for Dunbar with Home in hot pursuit. In a marsh to the east of Duns, known as the Billy Mire, the pursuers came up with the fugitive and killed him, Home cutting off his head, tying it to his saddle bow with the long locks, and bearing it in triumph to Hume Castle, where it was exposed on the battlements. In 1518 Scotland was divided into two factions, that led by Angus and the other by Arran. Home supported Angus, and thus regained

Wedderburn and Hume, but on Albany's return from France in 1521 Home had to flee to England.

The next incident of note relating to Hume Castle was the raid by the Protector Somerset. At the Battle of Pinkie Lord Home was killed and his eldest son taken prisoner. On his return to England Somerset passed through the Merse and laid siege to Hume Castle, which was defended by Lady Home. Somerset had no time to waste in a prolonged siege, so, to induce Lady Home to surrender the fortress, he caused her son to be brought bound in front of the castle and threatened to hang him if the Lady did not surrender. The threat was effectual. In the following year—1548—the castle was recaptured by a sudden night assault. An old follower of the name of Home was the first to scale the walls, but he was perceived by the sentry who gave the alarm. Home withdrew, and with his companions, concealed himself at the base of the wall, whereupon the garrison, thinking there had been a mistake, retired to rest. Home remounted the wall, killed the sentry, and the castle was speedily taken. The following year the Earl of Rutland laid siege to the castle but failed to capture it.

In 1557, when Queen Mary accompanied

the army led by the Duke of Chaterherault, the intention being to invade England, the Queen made Hume her headquarters. The invasion, however, frittered out, against the wishes of the Queen, the nobles refusing to cross the Border. In 1565 Queen Elizabeth had sent a Mr Tamworth, one of the gentlemen of her bedchamber, to Mary to try to bring about a reconciliation between Queen Mary and the Earl of Moray, and the insolence of the English Ambassador Randolph so encouraged Tamworth to equal arrogance that he refused to give Darnley his Royal title and proceeded to England without a passport. A hint being given to the Borderers he was captured and imprisoned in Hume Castle. In 1570 Sussex invaded Scotland and sent Drury, Marshal of Berwick, against Hume with an army of 3000 men. This was a force the Scots were unable to resist, and after a day's siege, the castle was surrendered, the garrison of 178 men being allowed to march out. The English secured great booty, many of the neighbours having sent their goods to Hume for safety. Alexander, Lord Home, in 1594 became a Protestant, "making repentance before the General Assembly." When James ascended the English Throne, Lord Home was one of the retinue of 500 horsemen who

accompanied the King south, and in 1603 he was appointed Chief Justiciary and Lord Lieutenant of the three Marches of Scotland. The year following he was created an Earl.

When Cromwell marched into Scotland he sent Colonel Fenwick to capture Hume, which at that time was in charge of one of the Cockburn family. The latter defied the English troops, declaring that he knew nothing about Cromwell, and enclosing the following doggerel :—

“ I, Willie Wastle,
Stand firm in my castle,
And a' the dugs o' your toun
Will no' bring Willie Wastle down.”

Willie, however, did not resist to extremity and surrendered the castle. From this time Hume ceased to be a fortress.

The last event associated with Hume occurred on 2nd February 1804. The country was in dread of an invasion by Napoleon, and beacons were placed all along the coast and on inland eminences, to give warning of any landing by the enemy. The man in charge of the beacon on Hume Castle, mistaking an accidental fire in Northumberland for that of a beacon, lit his fire, and those inland, seeing the blaze at Hume, followed suit, with the result that from a

great part of the Borders there was a rapid assembling of troops to the different rendezvous. The keeper in charge of the beacon at St Abb's, however, was a sensible man, and judged that no trustworthy news of a landing could come from inland. He did not light his beacon, and thus the false alarm was limited in area. From that date Hume disappears from history.

NEIDPATH CASTLE

A MILE to the west of Peebles stands Neidpath Castle. The building crowns a rocky eminence on the north bank of the Tweed and, though now divested of much of its ancient glory, still, in the words of Pennecuick :—

“The noble Neidpath Peebles overlooks,
With its fair bridge and Tweed’s meandering crooks.”

The castle has never played any prominent part in Border history, and did not suffer from English incursions as did other similar strongholds both to the east and west, probably because it was not in the main line of approach to the strategic positions in the country. The original building was a peel tower, to which in later years there was attached the present castle, with walls 11 feet thick, surrounded by a courtyard. Two floors are still habitable, and one may mount to the summit by a narrow stair and enjoy a fine prospect of Tweedside to the east.

The earliest owners of the castle were the Frasers, a family said to have originally come from Hungary, whose feudal seat was Oliver



NEIDPATH CASTLE.

Castle, now a heap of ruins on the hillside facing Tweedsmuir. They were the first and greatest of the feudal barons who lived in Peeblesshire. They sat in the Scottish Parliaments from the time of Malcolm IV. One of the family was Bishop of St Andrews in the time of Edward I. of England; but the most distinguished was the Sir Simon Fraser who, in 1303, defeated the English three times in one day at Roslin, who thrice saved the life of Bruce at the Battle of Methven, and who was ultimately taken prisoner and executed in London with the same barbarities as in the case of Wallace. One of Sir Simon's daughters, Mary Fraser, heired both Oliver and Neidpath Castles, and married Sir Gilbert Hay.

One of Gilbert's descendants, Sir William Hay, who lived at the beginning of the fifteenth century, during the Regency of Albany, married Jean Gifford, the heiress of Lord Gifford of Yester, and this family for some time afterwards made Neidpath their chief residence, and for many long years were hereditary Sheriffs of Peeblesshire. The present castle is said to have been built by this Sir William. John, the eighth Lord Yester, was in 1646 made Earl of Tweeddale by Charles I., and he added to the family possessions by obtaining the estates of the

Tweedies of Drummelzier, whose ruined castle stands surrounded by a farm steading near the village of that name, just where Tweed, hitherto flowing north, bends to an eastern course. In 1694 John, the second Earl of Tweeddale, was made a Marquess. His son composed the poem, "Tweedside," which is the first indication of the beautiful scenery of the Tweed having in these comparatively modern times inspired to verse one of the dwellers on its banks. The song, which we quote, was for many years a great favourite, and when sung by an emotional musician like the daughter of Lady Grizzel Baillie, is said to have moved the hearers to tears:—

"When Maggie and me were acquaint,
I carried my noddle fu' high,
Nae lint-white in a' the gay plain,
Nae gowd-spink sae bonnie as she.
I whistled, I piped, and I sang;
I woo'd, but I cam' nae great speed;
Therefore I maun wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed.

"To Maggie my love I did tell;
My tears did my passion express:
Alas! for I lo'ed her ower weel,
And the women lo'e sic a man less.
Her heart it was frozen and cauld;
Her pride had my ruin decreed;
Therefore I maun wander abroad,
And lay my banes far frae the Tweed."

In 1686 the Tweeddale family sold their Peeblesshire estates to the first Duke of Queensberry, a step necessitated by the expensive schemes on which John, the last Earl, had embarked, including alterations and improvements on Neidpath, modernising the building and constructing the fine terraced gardens which were the admiration of the county. He also surrounded Yester with a wall seven miles in extent, bought property in Edinburgh, which he demolished, and built the mansion in what is now Tweeddale Court and forms the publishing house of Oliver & Boyd.

In 1587 James VI. visited Neidpath with a view to removing the causes of enmity between Traquair and the Lord Yester, known as "Woodsword." Yester blamed Traquair for encouraging depredators and thieves who were ravaging the country, and an arrangement was come to. When Cromwell invaded Scotland he sent a force to besiege Neidpath. Lord Yester put the castle into order for withstanding a siege, and it held out for some time; but the old peel tower to which it was attached was vulnerable to artillery, and the garrison had perforce to surrender.

As already stated the first Duke of Queensberry bought the Tweeddale estates in Peeblesshire, for which he paid over £23,000. His

son William was created Earl of March, and during the life of the first and second Earls of March they occupied Neidpath, which was then in the zenith of its glory. The third Earl of March in 1778 succeeded his cousin Charles, third duke of Queensberry, whose wife the Lady Catherine Hyde, daughter of the Earl of Clarendon, known as "pretty Kitty," was an outrageous practical joker. One of her feats was by a stratagem to gain access along with ten other ladies of title to the gallery of the House of Lords, which on that occasion was being reserved for the Commons, and interrupt the proceedings by laughter, hisses, and applause.

Scott says that during the residence of one of the Earls of March at Neidpath a daughter of that family was beloved by the Laird of Tushielaw, but, as the alliance was thought unsuitable, the young man went abroad. During his absence, the lady fell into consumption, and as the only means of saving her life, her father consented that her lover should be recalled. On the day when he was expected to pass through Peebles, she was carried to the balcony of a house there that she might see him as he rode past, but Tushielaw rode on without recognising her, and the lady died in the arms of her attendants. Sir

Walter in his short poem on this incident places the scene at Neidpath. After stating that Mary's form was "decay'd by pining" he proceeds—

"Yet keenest powers to see and hear,
Seemed in her frame residing ;
Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear,
She heard her lover's riding :
Ere scarce a distant form was ken'd,
She knew and waved to greet him ;
And o'er the battlement did bend,
As on the wing to meet him.

"He came—he pass'd—an heedless gaze,
As o'er some stranger glancing ;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing—
The castle arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan,
Which told her heart was broken."

The fourth Duke of Queensberry never married, and knowing that the entailed property would pass out of the family did as his fancy led him with what he could dispose of. He sold Queensberry House in Canon-gate, Edinburgh, and the fine old timber that was one of the glories of Neidpath, leaving the banks bare and treeless.

In 1803 Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy

visited Neidpath, and learning of the vandalism of the Duke (known as "Old Q."), he wrote the following sonnet :—

"Degenerate Douglas ! Oh, the unworthy lord !
Whom mere despite of heart could so far please,
And love of havoc (for with such disease
Fame taxes him) that he could send forth word
To level with the dust a noble horde,
A brotherhood of venerable trees,
Leaving an ancient dome and towers like these
Beggared and outraged !—Many hearts deplored
The fate of these old trees ; and oft with pain
The traveller at this day will stop and gaze
On wrongs, which Nature scarcely seems to heed ;
For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and bays,
And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,
And the green silent pastures yet remain."

The Duke let the castle to a tenant, and during this period a lad of fifteen, named Archibald Stewart, stole some silver spoons from the castle, for which he was executed—the first to suffer the extreme penalty of the law at the west end of the Tolbooth. "Old Q." was in his day a great frequenter of the racecourse, and when he was too aged for that he amused himself by sitting on the balcony of his house in Piccadilly. He died in 1810 when eighty-five years old. Sir Alexander Boswell wrote some lines which show how largely the Duke bulked in the public eye :—

“Pray, what is all this vast ado,
That runs each street and alley through?
’Tis the departure of Old Q.,
The star of Piccadilly.”

On the decease of the Duke the Earldom of March with the Peeblesshire estates devolved on the Earl of Wemyss, and the estate of Drumlanrig in Dumfriesshire fell to the Duke of Buccleuch as descendant of Lady Jean Douglas, daughter of the second Duke of Queensberry, and wife of Francis, second Duke of Buccleuch. The present possessor of Neidpath is thus the Earl of Wemyss and March.

WARK CASTLE

Origin of the Order of the Garter

WARK CASTLE, situated on the English bank of the Tweed, about midway between Coldstream and Carham, was one of the most famous fortresses on the English border. The situation was well adapted for defence, being on the summit of a rocky scaur, extending for some distance along the bank of the river. Now only the base of the great keep remains of what, with the castles of Ford, Etal, Duddo, Norham, and Berwick, was a formidable line of defence against Scottish invasions or Border raids. The illustration shows the site of the castle seen from the English side, with the houses of the villagers grouped at the base of the cliff, occupying no doubt the site of the cluster of the even more lowly dwellings of mediæval times. Probably the reason for the castle being built on that site was its proximity to the ford over Tweed, which was the best route for a Scottish invasion of Northumberland. Wark was the English watch-dog as Hume Castle in the Merse was the watch-dog of the Scots.



WARK CASTLE RUINS FROM THE SOUTH.

The perils attendant on the possession of Wark are well stated in the Denham Tracts. According to this old authority the history of Wark "from the twelfth century to at least the sixteenth century is perhaps without a parallel for surprises, assaults, sieges, blockades, surrenders, evacuations, burnings, restorations, slaughters." Hence the Northumbrian saying :—

"Auld Wark upon the Tweed
Has been mony a man's dead."

Erected in 1130 by Walter Espec, Lord of Helmsley in Yorkshire in the reign of Henry I., it was visited by every English King from that time to Henry IV. except Richard I. and II. In 1191 it passed into possession of the powerful Roos family, in 1329 it became the property of Sir William Montague, and in 1398 it passed to Sir Thomas Grey and continued in this family for centuries. During the whole of its military history, however, the Crown appears to have assumed it as a Royal castle at various times. With James VI.'s ascent of the English throne, Wark passed out of the pages of English history, and in 1920 the ruin and the village were sold to Captain Samman of Willoughby Manor, near Hull.

In the days of King Stephen, David I. invaded Northumberland in support of his niece

Matilda's claim to the English throne, and Stephen offered the Earldom of Northumberland, with Carlisle and Doncaster, to David's son, Prince Henry. But Stephen had enough to do to maintain his Royal position, and the settlement was inoperative, for three times David laid siege to Wark, and after the fall of Norham he forced it to surrender by blockade. In 1157 the English retook the castle and practically rebuilt it. In 1173 William the Lion laid siege to Wark, but granted the garrison forty days' respite, of which they made such good use that William had to retire before the English relieving force. The following year William again tried to capture it, but failed. In 1216 King John burnt Wark, which was then in possession of Robert Roos, one of the barons who forced John to grant the Magna Charta. It was rebuilt soon after. Edward I. was at Wark in 1292, coming from Berwick where he awarded the Scottish Crown to Baliol, and, four years after, he spent Easter at Wark on his way to the invasion of Scotland. In 1318 Bruce captured the castle, but the Scots did not retain it.

The next incident of note connected with Wark was a Scottish raid as far as Alnwick, which they burned, but failed to take the castle. Edward III. was at Stamford when

he heard of the invasion. He hurried north, and the Scots retreated, passing Wark. Sir William Montague, who was in command of the fortress, fell on the Scottish rearguard and captured a number of horses laden with booty, whereupon the Scots returned and besieged the castle. During a dark night Sir William escaped and rode to Edward, who by that time had reached Newcastle. The King hastened to Wark, the Scots crossed the Tweed, and Edward was joyfully received. In the evening a ball was held in the Castle Hall, at which, tradition says, His Majesty danced with the Countess of Salisbury. The Countess while dancing dropped a garter, causing thereby a titter of amusement; but Edward, picking up the garter, fastened it on his leg, rebuking the bystanders with the remark, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*" Such was the origin of the famous Order of the Garter, which was formally instituted soon after, Edward's words forming the motto. Though instituted in honour of a woman, no woman, except those of Royal blood, has ever been admitted to membership.

Twice between 1370 and the end of the century Wark was captured by the Scots. In 1419 William Halliburton of Fast Castle by a surprise attack took the place and put the garrison to the sword; but a few months later

the English had their revenge, Sir Robert Ogle gaining access to the kitchen by a large sewer which led to the river. Slaughter followed. In 1460, after the Scots had taken Roxburgh, they forded the Tweed, retook Wark, and dismantled the fortifications. Again the English captured it. In 1513 James IV. took the place as well as Etal, Duddo, and Ford on his march to Flodden, and on regaining the castle after the battle Lord Dacre made the keep four storeys high, and so enlarged the outer ward that it could accommodate 1000 horses and cattle. In Hertford's invasion of Scotland Wark was his base of operations. When Albany was Regent of Scotland he determined to invade England in revenge for Surrey's invasion of the Merse. But the nobles were not of his way of thinking: they were willing to defend the Borders, but not to invade. Albany, however, in 1523 led his French levies to the assault of Wark.

George Buchanan, then a lad, was a volunteer in the army and present at the siege, of which he gives a description in his history of Scotland. It is valuable as an account by an eye-witness of the fortress of the period, and the means taken to defend or reduce it. He says that the castle consisted of a high tower placed within an inner court and

surrounded by a double wall. The outer wall enclosed a large space within which the country people in time of war sought refuge with their cattle, whilst the inner embraced a narrow portion and was defended by a fosse and flanking towers. The French easily carried the first court, but the English set fire to their farm produce and smoked the invaders out. With the aid of artillery, however, a breach was made through which the men-at-arms charged with great fury, and had the Scots supported them the castle would have been carried. A heavy snowstorm compelled the troops to recross the Tweed, whereupon Albany retreated north, and his army was dispersed. The inclement weather also caused the dispersal of Surrey's army of 40,000 men which was marching north to give battle to Albany. The last incident of note in which Wark figures was in the reign of Elizabeth, when, with the Queen's connivance, it was a refuge to the Earls of Mar and Angus and other Protestant notables who had conspired against James VI. Now this relic of the stormy centuries of strife in British history is but a low pile of masonry over which the green grass of a peaceful countryside throws its mantle of forgetfulness, a symbol of Nature's healing power.

FORD CASTLE

James IV. and Lady Heron

THE Castle of Ford, on the banks of the Till, the only English tributary of the Tweed, was built in 1287 by Odenal de Forde. Its situation is one of great beauty. On the summit of a gentle eminence, it is surrounded by a large park with many fine old trees, and commands from its upper windows an extensive view of well-wooded country, including the famous field of Flodden. A daughter of Odenal married Sir William Heron, who was Captain of the Castles of Bamborough, Pickering, and Scarborough. He fortified Ford, which was the earliest example between Tees and Tweed of a crenellated quadrangular building with a square tower at each corner. The castle was taken and demolished by the Scots in 1385, under the Earls of Fife, March, and Douglas, but was subsequently rebuilt, and the next we know of it in history is its capture by James IV. on his march to Flodden. At that time its owner, Sir William Heron, was in prison in Scotland, and his wife, Lady

Heron, knew that it was impossible that she could hold the castle against James's army of 100,000 men. So, according to the English version, while James was besieging Norham and Etal, Lady Heron went to Surrey, who was advancing to meet the Scottish army, with a view to some arrangement being come to whereby Ford would be saved from destruction and her husband liberated. Surrey wrote to James offering to give up the Scottish nobles, Johnstone and Hume, if James would spare Ford. James, however, declined, and soon made himself master of Ford which, on leaving, he burned.

There is, however, another side to the story, and it is not improbable that both narratives are founded on truth. James, as every reader of history knows, had the romantic temperament, and as a last resort Lady Heron may quite well, as tradition asserts, have tried to entice James with Delilah arts to do what he had refused to Surrey. Certain it is that James spent some time at Ford in dalliance with Lady Heron, and, according to Pinkerton, James's natural son, the Archbishop of St Andrews, made love to Lady Heron's daughter. James's infatuation over the lady is quite in keeping with his character, as previous to his marriage he had many an amour with daughters

of the nobility, his peccadilloes in that direction not in the least affecting his popularity. But waste of valuable time when his army should have been marching into England, and the undertaking of enterprises which were more befitting an ordinary Border raid than war, made the troops tired of this type of inconclusive warfare, and the army gradually melted away until James was left with only 30,000 men. The result was the disaster of Flodden.

Visitors to-day are shown the secret stair which leads from the main floor to what was Lady Heron's bedroom, and thence to the bedroom occupied by James. In the latter room, over the fireplace, are the Royal Arms of Scotland with the inscription: "King James ye 4th of Scotland did lye here at Ford Castle, A.D. 1513." After Flodden Sir William Heron was liberated, and the castle was partially restored in 1542. The building subsequently became the property of the Blakes and the Delavals, and then passed to the Marchioness of Waterford, who made the castle the imposing mansion it is to-day and in many other ways greatly improved the property. Lady Waterford was a skilful artist, and she decorated the walls of the village school with a series of paintings depicting



FORD CASTLE.

incidents of Bible history from the earliest times to the days of Christ and his Apostles. On the death of Lady Waterford the property was acquired by Lord Joicey, who has made it his principal residence.

BERWICK-ON-TWEED

The Fortress Town of the Border

THE wayfarer, passing down the High Street of Berwick to-day, and listening to the bells which from the steeple of its Georgian Town Hall ring out matins and curfew, sees around him only a quaint old Border town, with nothing to suggest to him its former history except its circumvallation and the nomenclature of some of its thoroughfares. And yet but a few centuries ago it was such a centre of commerce that its customs revenue was nearly a quarter of that of all the English ports, and for hundreds of years its fortunes were so interwoven with the destinies of two nations that it has had an unforgettable past. Nor are its present claims to a unique place in the estimation of the country to be easily put aside. It is a pleasant promenade to walk round its Elizabethan walls from the high bastion by Castlegate to Ravensdowne, the solitary octagonal Bell tower that sounded warning of the approach of a Scottish force still standing, an almost solitary reconstructed



BERWICK AND ITS CASTLE (ON LEFT) IN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

relic of the old Edwardian walls to remind one of a blood-stained past, while eastward the eye wanders with pleasure over the green expanse of the Magdalen fields with their memories of Maisons Deux to the great expanse of North Sea. And it is at Berwick that the most classic of Scottish rivers ends its course of over a hundred miles to mingle its waters with the ocean. On a summer afternoon what a noble expanse of river and tidal water faces the beholder as he stands on the low Tudor bridge that connects the romantic old town with industrial Tweedmouth, and looks westward to the declining sun, or upward to the red-roofed houses with their steep alley ways, above which rises the steeple of the Town Hall, breaking the sky-line in an imposing way that suggests its being, what in fact it is, the centre of corporate life. It is not a corporate life of industrial energy or aspiring commercial activity, but deeply grounded in the hearts of the community is the resolve to conserve all that relates to an historic past. In our sketch of the castle, Berwick occupies the larger place as it was a fortress town and the only fortified town on the Borders.

In early times Berwick was an important town, probably even in Ida's kingdom of Bernicia, and its castle was the Garde Joyeuse

of Lancelot, the most renowned of Arthur's knights. So much for tradition. Early in the eleventh century it must have attained considerable importance as King Duncan fitted out at Berwick a fleet of eleven warships to go to the assistance of Moddan, whose Earldom of Caithness and Orkney had been seized by his cousin. David I. made it one of the four Royal burghs. In 1167, during the reign of Malcolm the Maiden, we have the first mention in history of the castle. William the Lion, retreating after a raid into Northumberland, burned Berwick, and as the result of his capture Berwick Castle and other four fortresses were surrendered to the English King, Berwick remaining in possession of the Southron for fifteen years. In 1216 King John entered the town, his troops committing great barbarities. However, successive changes of ownership did not impede greatly the progress of the burgh, which about the middle of the thirteenth century was considered a second Alexandria, so extensive was its commerce.

On 17th November 1297, Edward I. promulgated in Berwick Castle his decision in favour of the claim of Balliol to the Scottish Crown. It was an assemblage of the dignitaries of the two nations which met in the great hall of the castle that crowned the

heights on the north bank of the Tweed, and the decision was a fateful one for the Scottish people. The new King of Scotland was not long in showing how the shackles galled, for he entered into a treaty with Edward's enemy, France, in pursuance of which he invaded the English borders. First of the Scottish burghs, Berwick appended its signature to that treaty, and it paid a heavy penalty. Edward hastily left France and, hurrying north, encamped at Halidon Hill and laid siege to the town. We are told that the King leapt the walls on his horse Bayard, no very remarkable feat as they were then only a few feet high, and the town, being taken, was given over to pillage.

Eight thousand inhabitants were put to the sword. Tytler, quoting a previous writer, puts the number at 17,000. During the reign of Alexander III. that sovereign brought to Berwick a colony of wealthy Flemings, for whom he erected a building in what is now Wool-Market Street, which served as dwelling-houses, factory, and fortress and granted them a charter. So stout was the defence of the burghers against Edward that the struggle in the streets ceased only from lack of victims; but still the sturdy Flemings held out, inflicting heavy losses on the besiegers till their arrows were exhausted. The English

then set the buildings on fire, and the heroes, unconquered in fight, were buried in the ruins of the structure they had so stoutly defended to the last. From that time the greatest merchant city in Scotland sank into a small seaport. Other barbarities inflicted on Berwick during the reign of this "Malleus Scotorum" were the display of Wallace's left arm on the walls after the patriot's unjust execution in London, and the confinement in a cage in the castle of the Countess of Buchan for fulfilling what was her hereditary duty in crowning the Bruce at Scone. Following on the victory of Bannockburn Bruce captured Berwick and, contrary to his custom, kept it as a fortress.

In his march to Bannockburn, Edward II. made Berwick the rendezvous of his army, and after his defeat the English King, finding Bruce not to be intimidated by the thunders of the Papacy, decided to have recourse to arms again, and laid siege to Berwick, which Bruce had strengthened and placed under command of his son-in-law, Walter the Steward. In addition to the army the fleet entered the river so that castle and town were invested on all sides. A large machine, called a sow, was constructed, covered by a roofing of boards and hides and holding within it many armed



BERWICK TO-DAY.

soldiers as well as miners, who were to make a breach in the walls. In addition, the ships had drawbridges to drop on to the walls. The Scots under the direction of Crab, a Flemish engineer, constructed a couple of machines like the Roman catapult, and on the third attempt succeeded in dropping a large stone on the "sow," which it shattered into fragments. Renewed efforts failed of success, and the English army withdrew. After this castle and town were held by the Scots for fourteen years.

When Douglas was Regent of Scotland Edward III. invaded the Northern Kingdom and laid siege to Berwick. The defence of the castle was entrusted to the Earl of March, who had a leaning to the English side, and the town to Sir Alexander Seton. Though the garrison was weak both in men and supplies they made a gallant resistance, destroying a great part of the English fleet. Edward then resorted to blockade, and the besieged agreed to capitulate if not succoured by a specific date, Seton's son being delivered up as a hostage. When the period had nearly expired the Scots marched to Berwick, and a body of troops succeeded in effecting an entrance to the town, while the army marched into Northumberland, which it laid waste. Edward held that the terms of the agreement had not been kept, and on the

governor still refusing to surrender, hanged Seton's son before the walls. A further attempt to relieve the garrison resulted in the crushing defeat of the Scottish army at Halidon Hill. An attack by the Scots on Berwick, which they captured but failed to take the castle, led to that invasion of Scotland which resulted in such devastation of the Borderland that it became known as the "Burnt Candlemas." In the reign of Henry VI. Berwick was given to the Scots, who held it for twenty-one years.

On 25th August 1482, the town was surrendered to the English in the reign of James II., and from that time it remained permanently in their possession. In 1502 Margaret, daughter of Henry VIII., on her way to meet James IV. at Lamberton and be his Queen, spent two days in the Castle of Berwick, when festivities suitable to the occasion marked the importance of such an alliance. In the reign of Elizabeth it was thought expedient to strengthen the fortifications of Berwick, and Italian engineers were employed to construct the famous ramparts that were to replace the old curtain walls. The ramparts were constructed on the same pattern as those at Antwerp, Lucca, and Verona, and as the latter are now destroyed the walls of Berwick are unique. It is



GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, BERWICK.

credible to Berwick that they have not been interfered with. Elizabeth had no doubt contemplated danger from the sea rather than the land, but the defeat of Spain gave England security and the new defences have not once been tested. The castle continued to be garrisoned till 1603, and in 1641 the Earl of Suffolk sold it to the Corporation for £320, the latter using it as a quarry for the erection of a church. Ultimately it came into the possession of the Askews of Pallinsburn, from whom it passed in 1843 to the North British Railway Company, and was blown up by gunpowder to make room for the station and provide the approach for the Royal Border Bridge. Only a portion of the castle walls remains, and where the station now stands was the great hall in which Edward made Balliol his vassal King of Scotland.

A short account of the older and present walls which are the prominent feature of Berwick may not be amiss. When Edward I. laid siege to Berwick it was defended only by a stockade and ditch. After its capture he constructed a fosse 80 feet broad and 40 feet deep, and built the walls which bear his name. These were strengthened by Edward II., and when Bruce took the town he added

10 feet to their height in 1320. In the reign of Henry VIII. the wall was 22 feet high, and it had no less than nineteen towers. The present Elizabethan walls were completed in 1566, and were surrounded by a ditch 200 feet wide, in the centre of which was a trench 12 feet wide and 8 feet deep which was kept filled with water. From time to time these walls were further strengthened. Charles I., while on a ten days' visit to Berwick, accompanied by Archbishop Laud and a numerous retinue, considered it necessary to send to Wark Castle for a number of additional guns to strengthen the town against a feared invasion by either France or Spain. On 5th October 1688 Sir Thomas Haggerston while Deputy-Governor of Berwick wrote to the then Secretary of State for War requesting blank commissions for a colonel, lieut.-colonel, major, five captains, and the necessary lieutenants and ensigns, and authority to raise a regiment of 400 men to defend the town against the Dutch. William, however, did not think of Berwick as his landing place but made it Torbay. So late as 1761 to 1770 the walls were further strengthened, especially on the river side.

The ramparts include three bastions and two demi-bastions, and a special feature is the flankers. The terminal bastion facing the

Tweed is called Meg's Mount, eastward is the Middle Mount bastion, and at the north-east angle the Brass Mount, so called because it was mounted by brass cannon. Fronting the sea is the windmill bastion, and facing what is now the cricket field is the King's Mount. Berwick had four gates. In 1816 the Scots gate was removed as too narrow and the present gateway constructed, while in 1825 the Bridge gate was taken away for a similar reason, and in 1847 the ramparts were opened to the public as a promenade. In 1721 the barracks were built, and are now the headquarters of the K.O.S.B.

An old tale in verse, supposed to have been written by Dunbar, is "The Freirs of Berwick," a humorous satire on the peccadilloes of the Friars of the end of the fifteenth century, in which the writer prefaces his story with a description of the Berwick of that time. He writes :—

"At Tweidis mouth thair stands ane noble toun,
Quhair mony lordis hes bene of grit renoune,
And mony a lady bene fair of face,
And mony ane fresche lusty galand was.
Into this toun, the quhilk is callit Berwik,
Apoun the sey, thair standis nane it lyk,
For it is wallit weill about with stane,
And dowbil stankis castin' mony ane.
And syne the castell is so strang and wicht,
With staitelie towrs, and turrats hie on hicht,

“ With kirkalis wrocht craftilie with all ;
The portculis most subtellie to fall,
Quhen that thame list to draw thame upon hicht,
That it may be into na mannis nicht,
To win that hous by craft or subtiltie.
Quhairfoir it is maist fair alluterrlie ;
Into my tyme, quhairever I have bein,
Most fair, most gudelie, most pleasand to be sene.

“ The toun, the castel, and the pleasand land ;
The sea wallis upon the uther hand ;
The grit Croce Kirk, and eke the Mason dew ;
The Jacobine of the quhyt hew,
The Carmelitis, and the monks eik
Of the four ordours nocht to seik ;
Thay were all into this toun dwelling.”

For nearly 360 years Berwick was acknowledged as a distinct entity in Acts of Parliament, and it sent two members to the House of Commons, the last election on this basis being in 1881. Now it is only part of a division of Northumberland. In the first Edward's reign Berwick was a city of merchant princes doing a big trade with continental ports, and the greater extent of the town at that time can be seen by following the old curtain walls, or what remains of them, with the octagonal bell tower as the watch-dog for invasion from the North. The Governor's house in Palace Yard still remains, its exterior unaltered, to remind one of old-time glories ; there is Golden Square

where minting was carried on (now being demolished to provide the southern approach to the bridge of reinforced concrete, which, when completed in 1927, will be the longest of its kind in Britain), and Silver Street, while Woolmarket Street reminds one of the Flemings. Proposals have been made in recent years to commercialise Berwick by starting certain industries, but the Tweed Salmon Acts have been the stumbling block and the proposals have come to nothing. The townspeople cling to the memories of the past and do not aspire to make the Tweed a second Tees or Tyne.

In his *Tales of the Borders* Wilson relates the story of the heroism of Grizzel Cochrane, daughter of Sir John Cochrane, son of the Earl of Dundonald, who was condemned to death for his part in Argyle's rebellion. His daughter visited him in prison, when he told her he had then but three days to live. Telling him he would not die she left him. Two days later disguised as a male traveller, she entered Berwick, rested for a little in a hostelry at Marygate, and then proceeded to Tweedmouth Moor. It was a stormy night, rain falling in torrents, and Grizzel sought shelter among some bushes. After a wait of an hour she heard a horseman approach, and

commanding him to halt she dragged him to the ground, seized his leather bag containing the warrant for her father's execution and disappeared. Lord Dundonald was again unsuccessful in inducing Father Petre to intervene with King James II. on Cochrane's behalf, so Grizzel waylaid the second messenger at the same spot. This time she was armed, and having got the warrant she seized the messenger's horse and rode away. The King was ultimately induced to pardon Cochrane, who had no sooner reached his house than he was informed a stranger wanted to speak to him. The disguised Grizzel handed Sir John the two death warrants, whereupon, overcome by emotion, he asked by what name he could thank his deliverer. The stranger raised her beaver, and the astonished father found that his deliverer was his own daughter. The story may well stand beside that of the Maid of Polwarth.

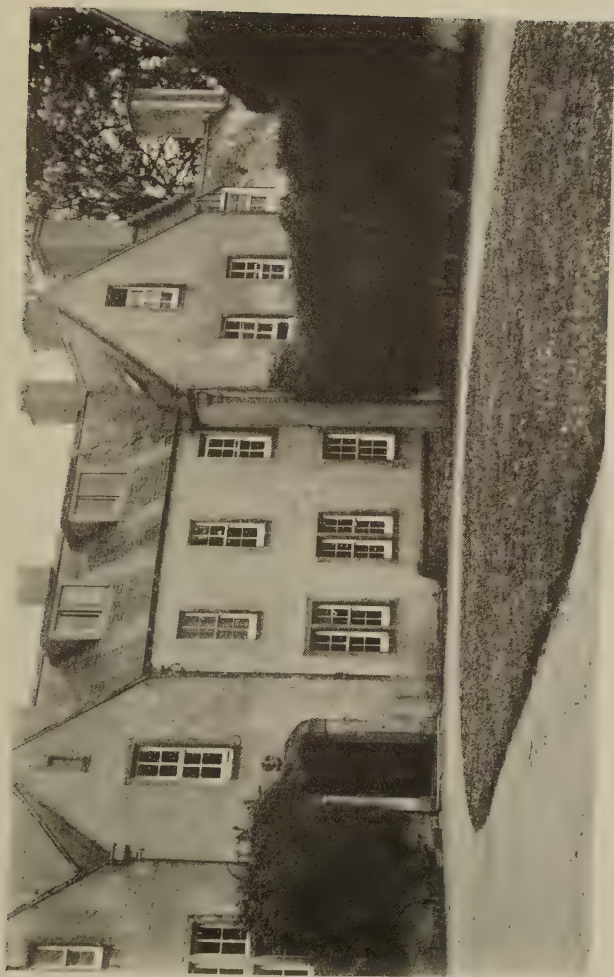
PICTURESQUE HARDEN

The Exploits of "Auld Wat"

A FEW miles to the south-west of Hawick and crowning a steep cliff in a glen through which flows a tributary of the Borthwick Water, stands the Teviotdale home of the family known in literature as the Scotts of Harden. Associated in particular with the famous Border reiver known as "Auld Wat," Harden occupies a remarkably picturesque situation. The glen is narrow and well wooded, so much so that to-day the house is little more than visible through the trees which surround it. One can well imagine it as an ideal place for defence or retreat, and the configuration of the dell is such that it constituted an excellent hiding place for the herds of cattle reived from the English dales.

The first of the Lairds of Harden was William Scott, second son of George Scott of Synton, near Ashkirk. He married a daughter of the Laird of Chisholm, and his eldest son was Walter Scott of Harden. The fourth Walter Scott of Harden was the

doughty warrior known as "Auld Wat." By that time the family had acquired considerable property, owning the towers of Kirkhope and Oakwood in Ettrick as well as Harden. It was probably while staying at Kirkhope that Wat wooed and won Mary, daughter of Philip Scott of Dryhope Tower in Yarrow. In 1629 Wat was succeeded by his son, Sir William Scott, who married Agnes, a daughter of Sir Gideon Murray of Elibank, by whom he had five sons and three daughters. Sir William greatly extended the Harden estates. His third son, Walter, who had a fiery disposition, was known as Wattie Wudspurs, the Scottish equivalent of Hotspur, and it is from him that Sir Walter Scott, the novelist, was descended. The sixteenth Laird of Harden, Walter Scott, married, in 1754, Lady Diana Hume Campbell, daughter of the third Earl of Marchmont and Baron Polwarth. Scott's political views were not those of the Earl, and when the former allowed his son Hugh to contest Berwickshire in opposition to Sir John Paterson of Eccles—another son-in-law of the Earl and his nominee—there came a rupture of family relations, intensified by the circumstance that young Scott was the popular choice. The Earl refused after this to have anything to do with the Scotts, declining even to see his



HARDEN HOUSE.

daughter Diana, and he left Scotland and retired to Hemel-Hempstead where he died. The Marchmont peerage then lapsed but the barony of Polwarth, which was a different creation from the Marchmont peerage, descended to Lady Diana's son, Hugh Scott, whose claim was granted by the House of Lords in 1835.

From this Hugh the present Lord Polwarth is descended. The old tower of Harden no longer exists, but the present Harden house was built in 1570, and additions were made in 1680, the year in which the family acquired the Mertoun estate, which ultimately became their principal residence. In 1580 Oakwood Tower became their possession, and it was to this residence that young William Scott took his bride, Agnes Murray of Elibank.

Though raiding and reiving had become so much an established practice in Liddesdale as to be a leading industry in the district, the practice was by no means confined to that area. It had gradually grown to the formidable dimensions it ultimately assumed in consequence of the English invasions whereby the Border country was so frequently devastated that the people neglected agriculture fearing that their harvests would be lost to them. So far as is known the practice did not extend greatly to the eastern district,

but in Teviotdale reiving was as firmly established as in Liddesdale.

There was a law in the Borders that regulated incursions on both sides known as the "Hot Trodd." When a herd of cattle was captured, within six days from the lifting of the animals the harried parties might without let or hindrance cross the Border and recover their gear if they could lay hands on it. If they failed then the stolen cattle belonged to the reiver. This lawful "trodd" was followed "with hue and cry with horse and hound." As the raiders were generally known the pursuit would naturally be in the direction of the raiders' property, but as the cattle intended for Teviotdale were sometimes sent into Liddesdale for safety and *vice versa*, the bloodhound was employed to follow the scent. The most notable of the Teviotdale reivers was the Walter Scott known as "Auld Wat."

Ballad and story have cast a glamour over the career of Auld Wat. His marriage to Mary Scott of Dryhope was by all accounts a singularly fortunate one. She was evidently a beautiful as well as a resourceful woman, and the story is told that in one of his raids Wat brought unnoticed among the spoil an English child, whom Mary on discovering carefully tended. On reaching maturity the captive sang



DRYHOPE TOWER.

the praises of his preserver, immortalised her as "The Flower of Yarrow," and is believed to have been the author of many Border ballads, as is suggested by Leyden in the following lines :—

"What fair, half veil'd, leans from her latticed hall.
Where red the wavering gleams of torchlight fall?
'Tis Yarrow's fairest flower, who, through the gloom,
Looks, wistful, for her lover's dancing plume.
Amid the piles of spoil, that strew'd the ground,
Her ear, all anxious, caught a wailing sound ;
With trembling haste the youthful matron flew
And from the hurried heaps an infant drew.

"Scared at the light, his little hands he flung
Around her neck, and to her bosom clung ;
While beauteous Mary soothed, in accents mild,
His fluttering soul, and clasped her foster child.
Of milder mood the gentle captive grew,
Nor loved the scenes that scared his infant view ;
In vales remote, from camps and castles far,
He shunn'd the fearful shuddering joy of war ;
Content the loves of simple swains to sing,
Or wake to fame the harp's heroic string.

"His are the strains, whose wandering echoes thrill
The shepherd, lingering on the twilight hill,
When evening brings the merry folding hours,
And sun-eyed daisies close their winking flowers.

"He lived o'er Yarrow's flower to shed the tear,
To strew the holly's leaves o'er Harden's bier ;
But none was found, above the minstrel's tomb,
Emblem of peace, to bid the daisy bloom :
He, nameless as the race from which he sprung,
Saved other names, and left his own unsung."

Wat in consequence of his part in the raid of Falkland was not forgiven by James VI., who commanded Walter Scott of Goldielands and Gideon Murray of Elibank to demolish both Harden and Dryhope; but it is doubtful if these instructions were carried out, to judge from the fate of Dryhope, which remains to this day a stately ruin on the upper Yarrow. One of Harden's six sons was slain at a fray in a hunting match by the Scotts of Gilmanscleuch, and when the brothers wanted to avenge the deed Wat shut them in the dungeon, went to Edinburgh, and, having stated the crime, obtained a gift of Gilmanscleuch. Returning to Harden he released his sons and showed them the charter. "To horse lads!" cried the warrior, "and let us take possession, the lands of Gilmanscleuch are well worth a dead son." It is recorded that in 1596 Wat led a day foray to Gilsland, by which he carried off 300 cattle, and on another occasion in the same year he raided Bellinghame and captured a herd of between 300 and 400. It is also said that at what must have been an early stage of his career Wat, while residing at Kirkhope tower on the Ettrick, captured the heir of a prominent Northumberland family, and in crossing the Ettrick, the boy, who was in

one of the carts among the spoil, unnoticed fell into the stream and was drowned. Wat was so deeply grieved over the untoward incident that he built a bridge over the stream at that spot, that other lives might not be jeopardised. Hogg says that was the first bridge built over the Ettrick and one of the stones bore the Harden coat of arms with the motto "*Cornua reparabit Phœbe*." When the present bridge was built a little lower down the stream this stone was transferred to the new structure.

It was while on one of his raids that, passing a large haystack, Wat is said to have looked longingly at it, and said, "By my saul, gin ye had fower feet, ye wadna stand lang there." On another occasion he heard some one call to "let oot Harden's coo," at which he indignantly exclaimed, "My sang, I'll soon mak ye speak o' Harden's kye!" and, gathering his men, he made a successful raid into Northumberland. The other incident of this type was that in which, when the larder was empty, his wife set before him a dish of spurs, saying according to a modern balladist—

"Nae kye are left in Harden Glen ;
Ye maun be stirring wi' your men ;
Gin ye soud bring me less than ten,
I winna roose your braverie."

To this Wat replies :—

“Are ye sae modest ten to name?
 Syne, an I bring na twenty hame,
 I'll freely gi'e ye leave to blame
 Baith me, and a' my chyvalrie.”

No doubt Wat was as good as his word. In the old ballad of “Jamie Telfer,” one of the most stirring and realistic of the historical series, we have Wat as one of the leading figures. The Captain of Bewcastle had raided Dodhead and stolen Jamie's ten kye, whereupon Telfer after in vain appealing to Gibby Elliot of Stob's Hall for succour was successful at Branhholm. The laird called on his son Willie and said :—

“‘Gar warn the water, braid and wide,
 Gar warn it sune and hastilie!
 They that winna ride for Telfer's kye,
 Let them never look in the face o' me.

“‘Warn Wat o' Harden, and his sons,
 Wi' them will Borthwick water ride;
 Warn Gaudilands, and Allanhaugh,
 And Gilmanscleuch, and Commonsie.

“‘Ride by the gate at Priesthaughswire,
 And warn the Curors o' the Lee;
 As ye cum down the Hermitage slack,
 Warn doughty Willie o' Gorrinberry.’

“The Scots they rode, the Scots they ran,
 Sae starkly and sae steadilie!
 And aye the ower-word o' the thrang,
 Was—‘Rise for Branksome readilie!’



HARDEN HOUSE AND GLEN.

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“The gear was driven the Frostylee up,
Frae the Frostylee unto the plain,
Whan Willie has look'd his men before,
And saw the kye right fast driving.

“‘Whae drives thir kye?’ can Willie say,
‘To make an outspeckle o’ me?’
‘It’s I, the Captain o’ Bewcastle Willie;
I winna layne my name for thee.’

“‘O will ye let Telfer’s kye gae back,
Or will ye do ought for regard o’ me?
Or, by the faith of my body,’ quo’ Willie Scott,
‘I’se ware my dame’s cauf’s skin on thee!’

“‘I winna let the kye gae back,
Neither for thy love, nor yet thy fear;
But I will drive Jamie Telfer’s kye,
In spite of every Scot that’s here.’

“‘Set on them lads!’ quo’ Willie then;
‘Fye, lads, set on them cruellie!
For ere they win to the Ritterford,
Mony a toom saddle there sall be!’

“Then till’t they gaed wi’ heart and hand;
The blows fell thick as bickering hail;
And mony a horse ran masterless,
And mony a comely cheek was pale.

“But Willie was sticken ower the head,
And through the knapsap the sword has gane,
And Harden grat for very rage
When Willie on the grund lay slane.

“But he’s taen aff his gude steel cap,
And thrice he’s wav’d it in the air—
The Dinlay snaw was ne’er mair white
Nor the lyart locks of Harden’s hair.

“Revenge ! revenge ! Auld Watt can cry,
Fye, lads, lay on them cruellie !
We’ll ne’er see Teviotside again,
Or Willie’s death revenged sall be.

“O mony a horse ran masterless,
The splinter’d lances flew on hie ;
But or they wan to the Kershope ford,
The Scots had gotten the victory.”

The Captain and thirty of his men lay
stricken on the ground, whereupon “Watty wi’
the Wudspurs” cried to the men to go forward
to the Captain’s house at Stanegirthside and,

“When they came to the Stanegirthside,
They dang wi’ trees, and burst the door ;
They loosed out a’ the Captain’s kye,
And set them forth our lads before.

“There was an auld wyfe ayont the fire,
A weet bit o’ the Captain’s kin—
‘Whae daur loose out the Captain’s kye,
Or answer to him and his men?’

“‘It’s I, Watty Wudspurs, loose the kye !
I winna layne my name frae thee !
And I will loose out the Captain’s kye,
In scorn of a’ his men and he.’

“Whan they cam to the fair Dodhead,
They were a wellcum sight to see !
For instead of his ain ten milk kye,
Jamie Telfer has gotten thirty and three.”

In a note to the ballad in Scott's Minstrelsy, it is stated that a complaint was filed by Thomas Musgrave, deputy of Bewcastle, against Buccleuch for reiving 200 kine and oxen and 300 gait and sheep, and it is suggested that this may relate to the exploit recorded in the ballad.

NEWARK CASTLE

The Minstrel's Lay

YARROW has been the theme of many a minstrel, from the early balladists to the days of the "Wizard of the North," and down to the close of the nineteenth century. Its charms of scenery and romance have made an appeal that is largely temperamental, for the vale, girt in its upper reaches by the quiet hillsides clothed in the "bent sae broon," is a never-ending solace to those who love the quieter aspects of nature and imbibe its pensive spirit, while others enshrine in their memory the sylvan beauty that enriches the landscape from Newark to fairy Carterhaugh. Thus Yarrow is a vale to conjure with wherever the English tongue is spoken.

Near its source one thinks of the last conventicle at which Renwick preached just before his martyrdom in 1688. On the hillside overlooking St Mary's Loch the ruined chapel and the graveyard where six centuries of dead lie in their sleep tell their tale of long past days when Douglasses and Cranstouns

peopled the district. The tower of Dryhope is reminiscent of Wat of Harden's wooing of the Flower of Yarrow. The Douglas Burn is associated with early memories of that powerful house, and later with James Hogg and Laidlaw, Scott's amanuensis. Farther down the stream the Dowie Dens tell their story of old-time battles.

The lower reaches of the river recall the doughty deeds of the famous Outlaw Murray, who maintained a princely retinue at Hangingshaw; on the opposite bank Newark's stately tower still

"Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower."

Facing the cliff on which Newark stands are the ruins of the lowly cottage where Mungo Park, the explorer of the Niger, was born, and Carterhaugh recalls the fairy tale of Tamlane, one of the finest of the older Border ballads.

Though Craig Brown, in his history of Selkirkshire, states that the present tower of Newark was not erected till 1466, in the reign of James III., a charter in 1429, granted by James II. to Archibald, Earl of Douglas, mentions Newark as the "New Werke." The tower is 83 feet high. The two lower storeys form the dungeon, and from the

banqueting hall to the roof there were other three storeys. The factor to the Duke of Buccleuch at the beginning of the last century took some of the stones from Newark and the best from the barmkyn which surrounds it to build a house on "The Slain Men's Lea," on learning which the Duke was greatly displeased with this vandalism, swept away the modern house, restored the stones which had been abstracted, and put the ancient pile into a good state of preservation. The building is roofless, but standing in the banqueting hall, one can form a good idea of the division of the rooms in the upper part of the castle. The site of the tower is ideal. Yarrow at this point is thickly wooded on both sides of the river, and on the crest of the high southern bank :—

"Rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a ruin hoary,
The shattered front of Newark's towers,
Renowned in Border story."

So wrote Wordsworth after his second visit to Yarrow, and so might we say, in the closing words of his "Yarrow Revisited," a memorial of a day spent with Scott immediately before the latter's departure for Italy in a vain search for health,—

“Flow on for ever Yarrow stream !
Fulfil thy pensive duty ;
Well pleased that future bards should chant,
For simple hearts thy beauty.”

And in more recent times Selkirk's bard,
known by the initials J. B., thus sings of
Newark and Yarrow :—

“September, and the sun was low,
The tender greens were flecked with yellow,
And autumn's ardent after-glow,
Made Yarrow's uplands rich and mellow.

* * * *

“And out beyond them, Newark reared
Its quiet tower against the sky,
As if its walls had never heard
Of wassail-rout or battle-cry.

“O'er moss-grown roofs that once had rung
To reiver's riot, Border brawl,
The slumberous shadows mutely hung,
And silence deepened over all.

“Above the high horizon bar
A cloud of golden mist was lying ;
And over it a single star
Soared heavenward, as the day was dying.

“No sound, no word, from field or ford,
Nor breath of wind to float a feather,
While Yarrow's murmuring waters poured
A lonely music through the heather.”

The three noble families associated with
Yarrow are the Douglasses, the Murrays, and

the Scotts of Buccleuch. Bruce rewarded the loyalty of Sir James Douglas by granting a charter of the forests of Selkirk, Ettrick, and Traquair, which were ultimately merged into one under the designation "The Forest." The residence of the family is said to have been at Blackhouse Tower on the Douglas Burn, a tributary of the Yarrow, but the present tower is of a later date. The Douglasses continued lords of the Forest till their forfeiture in 1455, when the lands, which had been Crown property, were again annexed to the Crown, along with the Castle of Newark, which became once more a hunting ground of the Stewart kings. In 1473 Newark came into possession of Margaret of Denmark, Queen of James III., as part of her dowry, and in 1502 in the same manner they became part of the dowry of Margaret of England, Queen of James IV. The Murrays of Hangingshaw, an influential Midlothian family, held the sheriffdom of the Forest from the middle of the fifteenth century, acquiring Philiphaugh in 1461. A grandson of the first Murray of Philiphaugh was the famous Outlaw Murray of the ballad, said to be of prodigious strength who, so the story goes, from being the Robin Hood of the Borders became a dutiful subject of James IV., the

King granting him lawfully all the lands of which he had possession.

James had five thousand men with him, and to oppose the King's army Murray had summoned to his aid various Murray lairds. The King was inclined to parley with his rebellious subject, but Buccleuch told him that :—

“For a king to gang an outlaw till,
Is beneath his state and his dignitie.”

to which James slyly replied :—

“Now haud thy tongue, Sir Walter Scott,
Nor speak of reif nor felonie :
For had every honeste man his awin kye,
A right puir clan thy name wad be !”

Murray having obtained the King's pardon and promise to be made Sheriff of Ettrick Forest, James asked him to name the lands he possessed and they would be rendered to him, whereupon Murray said :—

“Fair Philiphaugh is mine by right,
And Lewinshope still mine shall be ;
Newark, Foulshields, and Tinnies baith,
My bow and arrow purchased me.

“And I have native steads to me,
The Newark Lee and Hangingshaw ;
I have mony steads in the Forest schaw,
But them by name I dinna knaw.”

Outlaw Murray was installed in 1509 in the sheriffdom of the Forest, but the following year he was slain at the instigation of Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, known as "Wicked Wat." Wat, in reward for his exertions in suppressing the Douglas rebellion, was made Keeper of Newark, but when Queen Margaret, attended by an escort of forty horsemen, appeared at the castle gate and demanded admittance, Scott, though he was one of the witnesses to the seizing of the lands and castle given her at Galashiels by Sheriff Murray, denied her admittance till an order arrived from the King—a daring thing to do. It would appear that the Queen was little benefited by her Forest dowry, for after her second marriage with the Earl of Angus she complained to her brother, Henry VIII., that she never got a penny of the rents, although they should bring her in 4000 merks.

From this period Buccleuch continued to be Keeper of the Castle, and when the Forest of Ettrick was disparked the family obtained a grant of the Castle of Newark in perpetuity, using it as an occasional residence till the middle of the seventeenth century. In 1548 the English, under Lord Grey, took the castle and burned it. The last event in which the castle figures in history was at the Battle of



NEWARK CASTLE.

Philiphaugh, when Leslie's army completely defeated that of Montrose. A hundred of the survivors were cruelly butchered in a field at Newark, in cold blood after the fight was over, a crime that, let us hope wrongfully, is ascribed to the consuming zeal of the Covenanters, one of whom is credited with having said, "Eh, but the wark gangs on bonnily." The spot is known as "The Slain Men's Lea."

Above and beyond all the associations with kings and barons that cluster round Newark is the place it holds in the mind as the scene where Scott makes the aged minstrel sing his lay to Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth. This "last of all the bards who sung of Border chivalry" was the mouthpiece by which we have that imperishable epic, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." Now—

"Hushed is the harp—the minstrel gone,
And did he wander forth alone?
Alone, in indigence and age,
To linger out his pilgrimage?
No, close beneath proud Newark's tower,
Arose the minstrel's lowly bower ;

* * * *

"When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,
And July's Eve, with balmy breath,
Waved the blue bells on Newark heath ;
When throstle's sung in Harehead-shaw,
And corn was green on Carterhaugh,

And flourish'd broad Blackandro's oak,
The aged harper's soul awoke !
Then would he sing achievements high,
And circumstance of chivalry,
Till the rapt traveller would stay,
Forgetful of the closing day ;
And noble youths, the strain to hear,
Forsook the hunting of the deer ;
And Yarrow, as he roll'd along,
Bore burden to the minstrel's song."

In the quotation "the minstrel's lowly bower," Scott embodied the day-dream he cherished while at Ashestiel, where the "Lay" was written. His uncle's death having placed a considerable sum of money at his disposal, Scott wished to be "laird of the cairn and the scaur" by purchasing Broadmeadows mansion-house nearly opposite Newark, which, however, could by no stretch of the imagination be called a "lowly" bower. Had the dream materialised Scott would have been saved many financial worries. But the nation and the world would not have had its Abbotsford.

HERMITAGE CASTLE

A Grim Relic of Treachery and Tragedy

THE famous Castle of Hermitage is in the heart of Liddesdale, a notorious centre of lawlessness in bygone days, when Elliots and Armstrongs sallied forth from their respective towers of Lariston and Mangerton to raid the Cumberland and Northumbrian dales, when they were not engaged in fighting each other. The castle is situated on the north bank of the Hermitage water, between four and five miles from its confluence with the Liddel. The banks of the stream are well wooded, the alder, the birch, and the hazel enclosing the river in banks of sylvan beauty, till the castle is reached. Then, as with a magic wand of malevolence, all this wealth of foliage vanishes and the landscape becomes at once bleak and almost treeless, a vast expanse of barren heath and morass stretching northward and westward to mountain solitudes. This sudden change in the aspect of Nature strikes a note that corresponds to the atmosphere of tragedy with which both history and tradition have invested

Hermitage—a grim relic of semi-barbarous feudal days.

Once a royal fortress, the castle, after having been in the custody of various leading Border families, became a possession of the Scotts of Buccleuch, and by one member of that powerful family it was partly restored. The centre portion of the castle was built by Nicholas de Sules in the early part of the thirteenth century, and the erection of a powerful fortress so near the Border was made a pretext by Henry III. of England for a threatened invasion of Scotland, an outrageous attitude for that monarch to assume when the English had their strong fortresses of Norham and Wark, on the brink of the Tweed, whereas Hermitage was several miles from the border line. The invasion, however, did not materialise.

It is stated that the castle was not originally called Hermitage, and that it acquired that name because a religious recluse had settled in a cell by the water-side, and there are at present some remains of a chapel a short distance to the west of the castle marked by a venerable ash tree. From whatever point we view Hermitage, it is impressive, and certainly it is the most imposing by far of any of the existing Border fortresses. Originally an oblong keep, square towers were added in the

fourteenth and fifteenth centuries making the building practically 100 feet square and 60 feet high. The eastern wall, however, does not come so far forward as that on the west side, being only 76 feet long compared with 101 feet, the length of the western wall. This western wall gives perhaps the greatest impression of strength both as regards its massive proportions and height. The situation of Hermitage is not so imposing as that of some of the other Border castles, in that it does not crown an eminence, as for instance Roxburgh did, but the approach to it from the south must have offered considerable difficulties even in the later years of the Middle Ages. The buildings were surrounded by a moat which could be conveniently filled from the burns that join the Hermitage water on each side of the castle, and there are indications that the long mound on the south had been used for artillery. Besides, the Hermitage water would of itself be a formidable obstacle to overcome. The castle was held by the Sules or Soulis family for nearly a century, till in 1320 Lord William Soulis, when Seneschal of Scotland, entered into a conspiracy against Bruce, his object being to gain the throne on the ground that he was a descendant of a natural daughter of Alexander II. The plot was discovered by

Lady Strathearn, and Soulis, though attended by 360 squires, besides many knights, was seized at Berwick and conveyed to Dumbarton Castle, where he ended his days in confinement. With Soulis' death the castle was given to a natural son of Bruce, and on his death two years after, it reverted to the Crown.

Lord William Soulis was a notoriously bad character, execrated all over Liddesdale for his many crimes. Drawing upon local tradition and introducing the element of the superstitious common to the Scotland of that age, John Leyden, the Denholm poet, wrote two ballads about Soulis' misdeeds. In the first of these, "The Cout of Keeldar," so called because of this chief's great strength, he goes in his charmed armour on a hunting expedition in Liddesdale, much against the wishes of his wife who warns him against the adventure :—

“ ‘ For Soulis abhorr’d is Lydall’s lord,
And I fear you’ll ne’er return.

“ ‘ The axe he bears, it hacks and tears ;
’Tis formed of an earth-fast flint ;
No armour of knight, though ever so wight,
Can bear its deadly dint.

“ ‘ No danger he fears, for a charm’d sword he wears,
Of Adderstone the hilt ;
No Tynedale knight had ever such might,
But his heart-blood was spilt.

“ ‘ In my plume is seen the holly green,
With the leaves of the rowan tree ;
And my casque of sand, by a mermaid’s hand,
Was formed beneath the sea.

“ ‘ Then, Margaret dear, have thou no fear !
That bodes no ill to me,
Though never a knight, by mortal might,
Could match his gramarye.’ ”

Keeldar then pursues his northward way,
and, at the third blast of his bugle, up starts
Redcap, who tells him that he is—

“ The Brown Man of the Muirs, who stays
Beneath the heather bell.

“ ’Tis sweet, beneath the heather-bell,
To live in autumn brown ;
And sweet to hear the lav’rocks swell
Far, far from tower and town.

“ But woe betide the shrilling horn,
The chase’s surly cheer !
And ever that hunter is forlorn
Whom first at morn I hear.”

Undaunted Keeldar pursues his way, though
again Redcap warns him of the coming danger,
telling him, “ I come to work thy woe.”
Arrived at the castle Keeldar is invited by
Soulis to enter Hermitage. He accepts, but
warns his followers to beware of treachery,
saying :—

- “ ‘Then ever at uncourteous feast,
Keep every man his brand ;
And as you ’mid his friends are placed,
Range on the better hand,
- “ ‘And if the bull’s ill-omened head
Appear to grace the feast,
Your whingers, with unerring speed,
Plunge in each neighbour’s breast.’
- “In Hermitage they sat at dine,
In pomp and proud array ;
And oft they fill’d the blood-red wine,
While merry minstrels play.
- “And many a hunting song they sung,
And song of game and glee ;
Then tuned to plaintive strains their tongue,
Of Scotland’s luvè and lee.
- “To wilder measures next they turn :
‘The Black, Black Bull of Noroway !’
Sudden the tapers cease to burn,
The minstrels cease to play.
- “Each hunter bold, of Keeldar’s train,
Sat an enchanted man ;
For cold as ice, through every vein,
The freezing life-blood ran.
- “Each rigid hand the whinger wrung,
Each gazed with glaring eye ;
But Keeldar from the table sprung,
Unharm’d by gramarye.”

Breaking out of the castle Keeldar, through glittering lances, hewed “a red corse-paven way,” but Redcap tells Soulis to force Keeldar



HERMITAGE CASTLE FROM THE SOUTH.

into the stream, for "no spell can stay the living tide" :—

"Swift was the Cout o' Keeldar's course,
Along the lily lee ;
But home came never hound nor horse,
And never home came he.

"Where weeps the birch with branches green,
Without the holy ground,
Between two old grey stones is seen
The warrior's ridgy mound.

"And the hunters bold of Keeldar's train,
Within yon castle's wall,
In deadly sleep must aye remain,
Till the ruined towers down fall."

About a couple of hundred yards west of the castle, outside the graveyard wall already mentioned, is a mound 9 feet long, said to be the Cout's grave, and only a short distance away is the Cout's pool where Keeldar was held under water by the Soulis lances. The subsequent career of Soulis is the subject of another ballad by Leyden, entitled "Lord Soulis." Soulis consults Redcap as to what death he should die, when his familiar tells him that :—

"Nor forged steel, nor hempen band,
Shall e'er thy limbs confine,
Till threefold ropes of sifted sand,
Around thy body twine."

Young Branhholm when out on a hunting expedition is taken by Soulis followers, who had previously captured May of Goranberry his sweetheart. But when Ringan, who led the band that captured Scott and sent him in charge of his troopers to Soulis, has himself returned to Hermitage alone, having lost his steeds on Tarras moor, Soulis had again recourse to Redcap who warned him to "beware of a coming tree." Walter is led out to choose on which tree he should die, Soulis saying :—

" 'What would you do, young Branhholm,
Gin ye had me, as I have thee !'

'I would take you to the good greenwood,
And gar your ain hand wale the tree.'

" 'Now shall thine ain hand wale the tree,
For all thy mirth and meikle pride ;
And May shall chuse, if my love she refuse,
A scrog bush thee beside.'

"They carried him to the good greenwood,
Where the green pines grew in a row ;
And they heard the cry, from the branches high,
Of the hungry carrion crow.

"They carried him on from tree to tree,
The spiry boughs below ;
'Say, shall it be thine, on the tapering pine,
To feed the hooded crow ?'

" 'The fir-tops fall by Branhholm wall,
When the night-blast stirs the tree,
And it shall not be mine to die on the pine,
I loved in infancie.'



RUINS OF HERMITAGE CHAPEL.

“Young Branhholm turn’d him, and oft look’d back,
And aye he passed from tree to tree ;
Young Branhholm peep’d, and puirly spake,
‘O sic a death is no for me !’

“And next they pass’d the aspin gray,
Its leaves were rustling mournfullie :
‘Now, chuse thee, chuse thee, Branhholm gay !
Say wilt thou never chuse the tree ?’

“‘More dear to me is the aspin gray,
More dear than any other tree ;
For beneath the shade, that its branches made,
Have past the vows of my love and me.’

“Young Branhholm peep’d, and puirly spake,
Until he did his ain men see,
With witches’ hazel in each steel cap,
In scorn of Soulis’ gramarye ;
Then shoulder-height for glee he lap,
‘Methinks I spy a coming tree !’

“‘Aye, mony may come, but few return,’
Quo’ Soulis, the lord of gramarye ;
‘No warrior’s hand in fair Scotland
Shall ever dint a wound on me !’

“‘Now by my sooth,’ quo’ bauld Walter,
‘If that be true we soon shall see.’
His bent bow he drew, and the arrow was true,
But never a wound or scaur had he.

“Then up bespake him true Thomas,
He was the Lord of Ersyltoun ;
‘The wizard’s spell no steel can quell,
Till once your lances bear him down.’”

Though the Scots could not wound Soulis
they bore him down and tried to bind him, but
could not till after various attempts beside the
Nine-stane Rig with the aid of Thomas of
Ercildoune and Michael Scott's book.

"The black spae-book true Thomas he took,
Again its magic leaves he spread ;
And he found that to quell the powerful spell,
The wizard must be boil'd in lead.

"On a circle of stones they placed the pot,
On a circle of stones but barely nine,
They heated it red and fiery hot,
Till the burnish'd brass did glimmer and shine.

"They roll'd him up in a sheet of lead,
A sheet of lead for a funeral pall ;
They plunged him in the cauldron red,
And melted him, lead, and bones and all."

Thus ended, according to tradition, the
career of the bold baron, and the basis of the
story lies in the saying attributed to Bruce,
who was so irritated by repeated complaints
of Soulis' brutality that he said to the com-
plainers: "Boil him if you please, but let me
hear no more of him." The people of the
district still point to the upright stones which
supported the cauldron, and what purports to
be that vessel is now one of the treasured
Buccleuch antiques. In 1338 Sir William
Douglas, the Knight of Liddesdale, known as

the "Flower of Chivalry," expelled the English from Teviotdale and Hermitage, receiving Hermitage as his reward. Four years later, Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie took Roxburgh Castle from the English, and David II. rewarded him by making him Governor of Roxburgh and Sheriff of Teviotdale. Douglas, incensed at the latter appointment, wounded and captured Ramsay while holding a court at Hawick, carried him to Hermitage, and plunged him into the castle dungeon, where it is alleged he died of starvation, subsisting for seventeen days on the grains of corn that fell from the granary above. In confirmation of the starvation story it is said that about the end of the eighteenth century the vault was opened and human bones, a sword, parts of a saddle and bridle and some husks of oats were found. King David, afraid that Douglas would support the claims of Edward III., appointed him to the offices held by Ramsay. Retribution, however, was not long delayed. Douglas was captured by the English at Dunbar and subsequently released, and by them granted Liddesdale and Hermitage on condition that he would allow the English to pass through this territory. In 1353, however, Douglas was slain in Ettrick by a relative Lord William Douglas, Warden

of the Middle Marches. In recognition of this feat he was granted Hermitage, though it was five years afterwards before he could gain it from the English. In 1397 Hermitage was bestowed on the Earl of Angus, head of the Douglasses, and remained in possession of that powerful family for nearly a century. In 1491 Angus, after entering into a treasonable treaty with Henry VII., was on his return to Scotland confined by James IV. in Tantallon, and soon after was compelled to relinquish his lands in Liddesdale and Hermitage Castle to Patrick Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell.

In 1566 James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, was, as Lord of all the Marches, staying at Hermitage, and in October of that year had an encounter with the notable freebooter, little Jock Elliot, in which he was severely wounded. The incident is recorded in the well-known ballad :—

“I vanquished the Queen’s Lieutenant
And gar’d his fierce troopers flee;
My name it is little Jock Elliot,
And wha daur meddle wi’ me?”

“I ride on my fleet-footed grey,
My sword hanging down by my knee,
I ne’er was afraid o’ a foe
And wha daur meddle wi’ me?”

Queen Mary was then at Jedburgh, and, hearing of the incident, rode across hills and



WEST TOWER, HERMITAGE.

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bogs to Hermitage, nearly foundering in what came to be known as the Queen's Mire, a ride which ended in an illness at Jedburgh of six weeks' duration that was almost fatal. Bothwell fled from Scotland after the affair of Carberry Hill, and narrowly escaping a squadron sent in pursuit of him he was driven by a storm to Norway and ended his inglorious life in a Danish prison. Professor Aytoun thus pictures the Earl looking back with longing to his Border castle :—

“Oh ! Hermitage by Liddel side,
My old ancestral tower,
Were I again but Lord of thee,
Not owning half the power
That in my days of reckless pride
I held, but cast away,
I would not leave thee, Border keep,
Until my dying day.

“Who owns thee now, fair Hermitage ?
Who sits within my hall ?
What banner flutters in the breeze
Above that stately wall ?
Does yet the courtyard ring with tramp
Of horses and of men ?
Do bay of hounds and bugle-notes
Sound merry from the glen ?
Or art thou as thy master is,
A rent and ruined pile ?
Once noble, but deserted now
By all that is not vile.”

In 1587 James VI. conferred Bothwell's titles and estates on Francis Stewart, a son of the secular prior of Coldingham, who was an illegitimate son of James V. and had married Lady Janet Hepburn, a sister of James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, and husband of Queen Mary. Previous to this Francis Stewart had married Lady Margaret Douglas, widow of Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch. In 1585 Stewart joined other noblemen including Maxwell, Buccleuch, and Home in an attempt to oust Arran from the King's Council, and they marched to Stirling where James was holding a Court. Arran fled on their approach, and the King yielding to circumstances received the noblemen, restoring to them their estates which had been forfeited. Noticing Bothwell's presence James thus addressed him: "Francis, Francis, what moved thee to come in arms against thy prince, who never wronged thee? I wish thee a more quiet spirit else I foresee thy destruction." But Bothwell did not take the hint. He was afterwards apprehended and imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle, but escaped, and again led enterprises against the King. After several wild pranks he fled to England and thence abroad, dying at Naples in 1612 in penury. Thus both the Earls of Bothwell died a miserable death in a foreign

land. Hermitage was then given to Buccleuch, and is still their property. The present Duke offered it to the nation, but the gift unfortunately was declined. The interior of the castle was formerly open to visitors, but the unsafe condition of parts of the inner walls has necessitated its being closed.

ROXBURGH CASTLE

A Residence of Five Kings

ON the summit of a rocky eminence about a mile and a quarter from the modern town of Kelso stand the ruins of Roxburgh Castle, at one time the most extensive and powerful of the fortresses of the Scottish Borderland. The rock on which it was built at the junction of Tweed and Teviot is 50 feet above the level of the surrounding country, and on the side past which flows the Tweed, the bank is almost precipitous. The site of the castle measures nearly 400 yards in length, and it is about 100 yards wide except at the eastern end. All that remains of the original building are a few broken walls about 15 feet high and 12 feet thick, while at each corner there are evidences of immense towers of very thick walls. To the west of the castle was situated the town of Roxburgh, supposed to have been the first town on the Border, and to have extended, with its suburbs and villages, as far west as Roxburgh Church. The original Roxburgh flourished so greatly that it became too small



RUINS OF ROXBURGH CASTLE.

for the population, and a new town arose a little to the eastward which was called Easter Roxburgh. The town was fortified by a wall and ditch ; it was one of the first of the Royal burghs, and had a city seal and a mint, and even at that early date had its annual fair of St James, a celebration which continues to-day, and is attended by Borderers from a wide area.

Even before the reign of David I. it had thus risen to considerable prominence, and the year after his accession it was the scene of an Ecclesiastical Council attended by all the Scottish bishops and Cardinal Cremensis, the Pope's legate. The object was to settle the relations of the Scottish Church with the See of York or Canterbury, but no decision was come to. In 1207 the greater part of the town was burned. In 1216 several of the English barons having sworn allegiance to the Scottish King, Alexander II., King John of England destroyed their houses and towns, and the Scots, to prevent John taking advantage of the post, burned Roxburgh. The town was again burned in 1244.

In the reign of Robert the Steward, a body servant of the Earl of March was slain at Roxburgh fair by the English, who then possessed the castle ; and appeals for redress having no effect, the following year when a fair

was again held attended by many Englishmen with their goods the Earl surrounded the town, slew all the English, secured great booty, and burned the houses in which the English had taken shelter. In 1411 William Douglas, in conjunction with a son of the Earl of March, burned the town and broke the bridge over the Tweed. Finally, James II. before besieging Roxburgh Castle took the town and utterly demolished it. From that time Roxburgh, one of the four Royal burghs of Scotland, ceased to exist, and to-day there is not a trace of what was once such an important and flourishing town.

There is no authentic record of when Roxburgh Castle was founded, but it was a fortress as far back as the Saxon Kingdom of Northumbria. We know that it was a favourite residence of David I., both before and after he ascended the throne, and he constituted it a Royal Palace. His successors, Malcolm IV., William the Lion, Alexander II., and Alexander III., dwelt in the castle, and a number of their charters are dated from it. Here David decided his plans for the founding of the Border abbeys. Alexander II. conferred the distinction of knighthood on a number of famous Scotsmen in 1227, and in 1239 he was married to Mary de Couci, the daughter of

a French nobleman, surnamed "Le Grand," while his son, Alexander III., was born in the castle. In 1134 Malcolm, son of Macbeth, was imprisoned in one of the towers, and in 1156 Malcolm's son Donald was an unwilling tenant of the castle dungeon. When William the Lion became King he made fruitless application to Henry II. to have the County of Northumberland, which was possessed by Prince Henry, David's only son, restored to Scotland. In 1174 he accordingly invaded England, laying waste the northern counties. On his way back to Scotland, and while at Alnwick, he was captured by the English, while attended by only sixty horsemen, and sent to Henry, who had him conveyed to Caen in Normandy, and then to the strong fortress of Falaise, a little south of Caen. The result was that William only regained his liberty by consenting to do homage to Henry for his Kingdom, to pay £100,000 as a ransom, and to insure the fulfilment of the treaty to surrender the Castles of Roxburgh, Edinburgh, and Stirling, with twenty earls and barons. When Richard Cœur de Lion became King he restored to Scotland its independence, gave up the Scottish castles, and only asked as remuneration 10,000 merks. The result was uninterrupted peace and friendly relations

between the two kingdoms during the remainder of the reign of Richard. But when John ascended the English throne trouble again arose, and William assembled an army at Roxburgh. Negotiations, however, took place which prevented an open rupture. There were great rejoicings at the castle in 1255, when Alexander III. was in residence for sixteen days along with his wife, Margaret, daughter of Henry III., who at that time visited his son-in-law and was royally entertained. During this visit the King, in consultation with his nobles, prelates, and barons, remodelled the Government of Scotland. In 1266 the English Princes Edward and Edmund visited Alexander at Roxburgh, and in 1283 Prince Alexander was married to Margaret, daughter of the Earl of Flanders, when in his nineteenth year. The event was celebrated with fifteen days' feasting, but the young Prince, who had always been weakly, died the following year, otherwise the course of Scottish history might have been different.

For nearly a hundred years after this the English had possession of the castle, Baliol giving it to Edward I. in 1294. Two years afterwards Edward celebrated the feast of Pentecost at Roxburgh. Wallace made an attempt to capture the castle in 1297 to save



FLOORS CASTLE—DUKE OF ROXBURGHE'S HOME.

Wishart, Bishop of Glasgow, who was in the castle as a hostage, but was obliged to retire. In March 1313 Roxburgh was taken by Sir James Douglas, the exploit being one of the most daring in the career of that good and valiant supporter of the Bruce. He set one of his followers to make hempen ladders with iron hooks to fix to the battlements. Collecting some sixty followers, who concealed their armour under black frocks, they crept towards the castle on all fours. It was twilight of Fastern's E'en, and the garrison, seeing the advancing figures, thought they were the cattle which a husbandman had neglected to house. On reaching the castle one of Douglas's followers, named Sym, mounted the wall by one of the ladders, slew the sentry, and signalled to those below that the coast was clear. They followed and found that the entire garrison was in the great hall celebrating the feast with song and dance. Suddenly appearing in their midst the Scots raised their cry of "Douglas! Douglas!" and but little resistance was made, except by the warden, who with a few followers retired to the keep, where they surrendered the following day. Bruce thought it the wiser policy to destroy the fortifications, and this was done. By the Treaty of Northampton the castle was given

to Bruce, but in the reign of David II. Baliol swore fealty to Edward III., and delivered the castle to him, the English monarch restoring the fortifications. In 1341 or 1342 Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie took the castle by escalade one night and put the garrison of forty men-at-arms to the sword. For this he was rewarded by the King, not only with the governorship of Roxburgh but the sheriffdom of Teviotdale, with the results that are related in the chapter on Hermitage Castle. The English after this again obtained possession, and futile attempts to recapture it were made by "Tineman" Douglas and James I.

In 1460 James II., at the head of a large army, laid siege to Roxburgh, and met his death by the bursting of a Flemish gun named the Lion constructed of longitudinal bars of iron, the explosion also severely wounding the Earl of Angus. The army sent word to the Queen and asked her to bring the Prince with her. Travelling night and day with the boy, only eight years of age, she presented him to the nobles as their King, and urged them to continue the siege. As the result of the appeal the soldiers, inspired by her ardour, pressed the siege with such zeal that on the very day of her arrival at the camp they stormed the castle. The building was then levelled to the

ground, though some years after it was partly rebuilt. In 1488 James IV. granted the castle to Walter Ker of Cessford, and in 1547 the Protector Somerset, returning from the Battle of Pinkie, repaired the fortifications somewhat, leaving a garrison in it of 500 men, being struck with the importance of the place as a military station. The repairs, however, were of a somewhat limited nature, as they only occupied the army for six days. In a treaty between France and England in 1550 there was a clause by which France's old ally benefited, as the English King bound himself to destroy the Castles of Roxburgh and Eyemouth. This was done, and so to-day in place of the great Border fortress we have only the few low walls about which Leyden has written the following lines :—

“Roxburgh! how fallen since first in Gothic pride
Thy frowning battlements the war defied,
Called the bold chief to grace thy blazon'd halls,
And bad the rivers gird thy solid walls!
Fallen are thy towers, and, where thy palace stood,
In gloomy grandeur waves yon hanging wood;
Crushed are thy halls, save where the peasant sees
One moss-clad ruin rise between the trees;
The still green trees whose mournful branches wave
In solemn cadence o'er the hapless brave.
Proud castle! fancy still beholds thee stand,
The curb, the guardian of this border land,

As when the signal flame, that blazed afar,
And bloody flag, proclaimed impending war,
While in the lion's place the leopard frown'd,
And marshalled armies hemm'd thy bulwarks round."

In 1574 James VI. granted the castle stead to Robert Ker, son of Ker of Cessford, and from him as mentioned in the chapter on Cessford Castle the Duke of Roxburghe is descended. His palatial mansion is on the north bank of the Tweed opposite the old ruins.



NORHAM CASTLE FROM THE SOUTH.

NORHAM CASTLE

The Two Marmions

THE old Border Castle of Norham, which crowns the English bank of the Tweed a few miles west of Berwick, played an important part in Border history from the time of the first Edward to the reign of Henry VIII. In the later years of Elizabeth it ceased to be of importance as a stronghold and gradually fell into decay. Through the generosity of the late Mr Charles S. Romanes, Edinburgh, who purchased the ruin and gave it to the custody of the Ancient Monuments Board, it will now be preserved as a memorial of those stirring times in the life of the two nations, which were seldom for long at peace with each other.

Much has been done by the Board not only in the preservation and judicious repair of the walls, but in disclosing by excavations features of the main building and outer works that show the great extent of the fortress and give one an adequate idea of its strength. On the ground floor of the keep may be seen

to-day some of the big circular stone balls fired from Mons Meg.

The best approach to Norham for those who have skill with the oar is to row up the Tweed from Berwick with the flow of the tide and return with its ebb. The river banks are beautiful all the way, the interest swaying with modern impartiality from the right to the left bank. After passing the junction of the Whitadder and Tweed we come to the Union Bridge and the lovely glen of Horncliffe with its picturesque mill, and sweeping round a bend of the river the hoary tower of Norham bursts on our view crowning the steep southern bank. The situation was well fitted for the purpose. Immediately to the east is a deep ravine, and on the north the precipitous bank at the base of which flowed the turbulent river that afforded excellent protection, while the other two sides were guarded by a moat.

Norham was built in 1121 by Bishop Flambard of Durham, in whose diocese it lay, an ecclesiastic who was more of a warrior than a priest. It is a triangular pile about 90 feet high, with walls 12 feet thick. The topmost of its four storeys has crumbled away, all but one turret-looking structure. The style is Norman, as may be seen from

the massive arches, doorways, and windows. The interior is merely a shell except for two large basement chambers with vaulted roof. The church in the village of Norham is contemporary with the castle, and is supposed to have been erected by Flambard. The castle changed hands many times in the sanguinary wars between Scotland and England, and indeed there was scarcely any of these conflicts on the eastern border in which it had not an important share. The first siege was in 1138, when David I. invested it, and the garrison being small and no succours arriving, the English surrendered, but the troops were allowed to retire to Durham. The Scots then demolished the castle. In 1174 the castle and fortifications were restored by Bishop Pudsey, who constructed the great tower that remains in its shattered grandeur to this day. King John came to Norham and threatened war with Scotland, but eventually a conference was held at Norham and a treaty of peace concluded between John and William the Lion. In 1215 Alexander II. invested Norham for forty days, but was obliged to raise the siege. In the reign of Edward II. Norham was twice besieged and taken, but was recovered in 1322 after a siege by the English of ten days.

Four years later the Scots assaulted it, but Manners, the Governor, being apprised of their intention, allowed a party of sixteen assailants to get within the walls. With the exception of one man, who succeeded in escaping, they were all slain. In 1327, in the reign of Edward III., however, the Scots had their revenge and captured the fortress. For a century after this Norham enjoyed peace, with the exception of a futile attempt by James III. during the Wars of the Roses, when Henry VI. was temporarily deprived of his crown by Edward IV. James was accompanied in this adventure by Henry, his wife Queen Margaret, and their son the future Henry VII. The besiegers, however, retired before the force assembled by the Earl of Warwick, the Kingmaker. In 1496 Perkin Warbeck, who claimed to be Duke of York, visited Scotland, and James IV. espoused his cause, gave him in marriage his relative, the Lady Catherine Gordon, invaded Northumberland, laid siege to Norham with Mons Meg, but could do no more than destroy the outworks. However, on his march to the fatal field of Flodden in 1513 James again laid siege to the castle, and after five days succeeded in capturing it. The last attempt by the Scots to gain Norham was in 1530, but it was



LADYKIRK.

unsuccessful, and this closed the long series of sieges. At the Union of the Crowns the necessity of maintaining such a building as a fortress passed away and it gradually lapsed into a ruinous condition, ultimately forming part of the estate of Longridge Towers belonging to the Jerningham family. In 1920 the castle, as already stated, was bought by Mr Romanes, who gave £1325 for it. In 1922 it was handed over to the Ancient Monuments Board and Mr Romanes' trustees paid the Board £350 a year for three years towards the expense of restoration.

Norham came into great prominence in the reign of Edward I., and was the place where the English King first asserted his claim to be recognised as Lord Paramount of Scotland. The Treaty of Birgham in July 1220 gave Edward the first step towards dominancy in Scottish affairs, and so much has the part played at Birgham been detested by the patriotic Scot that even to-day the Border boy will tell a disloyal comrade to "go to Birgham," using the phrase as an opprobrious epithet. Edward requested the clergy and nobility of Scotland to confer with him at Norham on 10th May 1291, and at the same time issued writs to his barons and military tenants to meet him at Norham on 3rd June.

The claim of Edward caused consternation among the Scottish Commissioners, who at once declared their ignorance of any right of superiority as belonging to the English King, whereupon Edward hotly responded that he would either have his rights recognised or die in the vindication of them. On 2nd June eight competitors for the Scottish Crown, including Bruce and Baliol, assembled at Norham and all acknowledged Edward as Lord Paramount. The final act in the fateful drama was performed at Berwick in August, when Edward adjudged Baliol to have a prior claim to that of Bruce.

Returning from a foray into England, James IV. found that the ford across the Tweed above Norham was dangerous to cross, owing to the river being in flood. He made a vow that if he and his men got safely over he would build a church to Our Lady, which neither fire nor water could destroy. This church is that at Ladykirk, built in the form of a Latin cross in the Gothic style, except the belfry, which was added centuries later by Mr David Robertson. It was one of the last, if not the last, of the pre-Reformation churches erected in Scotland. It had a stone floor and stone pews, which have recently given place to more comfortable appointments.



NORHAM CASTLE FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

Norham is associated with two Marmions, the first a real personage, the second the fictitious hero of Scott's poem. Thomas Gray in his *Scalachronica* wrote the story of the adventure of the first Marmion. A great feast was held at Lincoln, at which there was present a knight named Sir William Marmion. To him a young page brought a helmet of war from Marmion's lady love, commanding him to go to the most dangerous place in Britain and do such mighty deeds as would cause the helmet to be famous. The assembled knights decided that the most dangerous place in Britain was the Castle of Norham. Four days after the warrior's arrival at the castle Sir Alexander de Mowbray, Scottish Governor of Berwick, with a force variously stated at forty and one hundred and twenty men-at-arms, appeared before the fortress, whereupon the constable said to Marmion: "Sir knight ye be come hither to fame your helmet. Mount your horse and ride like a valiant man to your foes, even here at hand, and I forsake God if I rescue not thy body dead or alive, or I myself will die for it." Sir William, richly arrayed, "glittering in gold" and wearing his helmet, rode valiantly against the enemy, but was soon overpowered; whereupon Gray, the constable, with his garrison attacked the Scots and

rescued Marmion, who again mounted and joined in the pursuit of the beaten foe. This Marmion was a descendant of the Lords of Fontenay in Normandy, one of whom Robert de Marmion, a follower of William the Conqueror, was granted the castle and town of Tamworth and the manor of Scrivelby in Lincolnshire, for which he had to do service as Royal Champion, the duty being to ride fully armed into Westminster on Coronation Day and there challenge combat with any who would gainsay the King's title. Though the direct line of descent became extinct, the honour of being the King's Champion remains with the House of Scrivelby.

With the story of "Marmion," the ambassador of Henry VIII. to the Scottish Court, every schoolboy is, or should be, familiar. Notwithstanding all Norham's claims to be enshrined in the memory of both nations as a place where many doughty deeds of valour were performed, it is remembered most of all by that knightly tale of Albion's elder day, which our great romancer penned at Ashestiel. No finer description of the old castle has been given than the opening lines of the first canto of "Marmion":—

“Day set on Norham’s castled steep,
And Tweed’s fair river, broad and deep,
And Cheviot’s mountains lone :
The battled towers, the donjon deep,
The loophole grates, where captives weep,
The flanking walls that round it sweep,
In yellow lustre shone.

“The warriors on the turrets high,
Moving athwart the evening sky,
Seemed forms of giant height :
Their armour, as it caught the rays,
Flash’d black again the western blaze,
In lines of dazzling height.

“St George’s banner, broad and gay,
Now faded, as the fading ray
Less bright, and less, was flung ;
The evening gale had scarce the power
To wave it on the donjon tower,
So heavily it hung.

“The scouts had parted on their search,
The castle gates were barr’d ;
Above the gloomy portal arch,
Timing his footsteps to a march,
The warder kept his guard ;
Low humming as he paced along,
Some ancient gathering Border song.”

What do we not owe to Scott for so awaking the historic sense in the minds of the people as to lead to the preservation of castles, peels, and abbeys that might otherwise have disappeared, their stones taken to build a farm steading or an outhouse ?

GILNOCKIE TOWER

The Armstrong Freebooters

FOR nearly three centuries the Scottish Borderland was in a chaotic condition owing to the oft-repeated devastating raids by the English, and the feebleness of the central Government to control the turbulence of the barons. Numerous laws were passed against the raiding and reiving activities which sprang up and flourished through dire necessity, for no one desiring to follow the peaceful pursuit of agriculture could have any certainty that he would be able to harvest his crops. These raiding activities were spread over all the three Marches, but their greatest development was in the Middle and West Marches as, owing to the mountainous condition of the country and its extensive morasses, pursuit and capture of the raiders was a matter of great difficulty. The centre of what might not inaptly be called the reiving industry was Liddesdale, chiefly inhabited by the two powerful clans, the Armstrongs and the Elliots.

Maitland, in his "Complaynt against the Thieves of Liddesdale," writes :—

"Of Liddesdale the common thieves
Sae pertly steals now and reives,
That nane may keep
Horse, nolt, nor sheep,
For their mischieves.

* * * *

"They thieves hae near hand herrit hail,
Ettrick Forest and Lauderdale ;
Now are they gane
To Lothiane,
And spares nane
That they will wail."

The entry of the Armstrongs into Liddesdale was at least as early as the middle of the fourteenth century. It is stated that the original name was Fairbairn. A powerfully built man of that name was asked to help the King to mount his horse, whereupon with one arm he caught hold of his Majesty and lifted him into the saddle, and was then dubbed Armstrong. Though entering thus late into Border life they must have been a very prolific race, as they soon rose to ascendancy among the clans.

Nor were they of the predatory type at this period. From 1361 to 1371 mention is frequently made in historical documents of

Gilbert Armstrong, who became one of the Canons of Elgin and was one of three Commissioners sent to England to arrange for the ransom of David II.

The chief of the clan was the laird of Mangerton whose castle was in Liddesdale, a few miles south of Newcastleton, and the laird of Whithaugh was the chieftain next in importance. During the sixteenth century the clan became so numerous that they were compelled to take possession of any waste land, and not only occupied a large portion of the Debateable Land but spread into Eskdale, Ewesdale, and Wauchopedale. In 1528 the Armstrongs with their adherents could put into the field over three thousand horsemen. Next in importance to the Armstrongs came the Elliots, whose chief resided at Redheugh, and was at one time captain of Hermitage Castle and Deputy Keeper of Liddesdale.

When Patrick, Earl of Bothwell, succeeded to the Lordship of Liddesdale, Patrick, the Master of Hailes, was deputed to go to Liddesdale to secure pledges to keep the peace, and got them from all the clans except the Armstrongs, who at that time were specially troublesome. The Earl of Arran led a punitive expedition into Liddesdale, but met with little success. In 1524 Archibald, Earl of

Angus, was appointed Warden of the East and Middle Marches, and Lord Maxwell Warden of the West March. Angus marched south secretly, and coming on the Armstrongs captured Sim the Lord, and his brother Davy the Lady, burning a good many houses and carrying away 600 cattle, 3000 sheep, 500 goats, and a good many horses. In a further expedition Angus killed seventeen members of the clan, hung thirteen, and took a number of others to Edinburgh; but beyond that he accomplished little.

It was at this period that Johnie Armstrong (I give the old spelling), a brother of Thomas, the Laird of Mangerton, comes into the story. He had left Liddesdale, gone to the Esk, erected the Hollows Tower, and sworn fealty to Lord Maxwell. It is contended that this Hollows Tower was not Gilnockie, which occupied a stronger site some distance away on the banks of the river, where there are still some remains of a building. However, the Hollows was an Armstrong tower, if not Johnie's chief residence, and is the only building associated with Johnie that remains. Johnie's prowess as a raider was so great that he was feared all over Northumberland, and his proud boast was that "never a Scots wife could have said that e'er I skaithed her a pair

flee." One of Lord Dacre's expeditions as English Warden was particularly directed against Johnie, and he burned Hollows Tower ; but the same day Johnie swiftly retaliated by burning Netherby, on Dacre's Cumberland estate. James V., in 1529, headed an expedition into the Border country, and captured William Cockburn of Henderland in Meggatdale and Adam Scott of Tushielaw, the latter known as "The King of Thieves," both of whom were tried at Edinburgh and executed. His Majesty took the precaution of committing the Lords of Home and Maxwell, the Lairds of Buccleuch, Ferniehirst, and Johnston, with others, to ward in Edinburgh, knowing that they were in league with the turbulent clans, and took with him the Earls of Huntly, Argyle, and Athol, who had no border connections.

On 8th June 1530, James was at Carlanrig, in Teviotdale. He had sent a "loving letter" to Armstrong to meet him there, and Johnie, trusting in the King's clemency, did not ask for a safe conduct, but appeared with thirty-six horsemen to tender his submission, hoping afterwards that James would dine at Gilnockie. His reception was the reverse of friendly. According to the ballad, which is supported by history, one writer stating that a proclamation



GILNOCKIE TOWER.

had been issued that if the Armstrongs submitted their lives would be spared. Johnie, on arriving at Carlanrig, said :—

“ ‘May I find grace, my Sovereign liege,
Grace for my loyal men and me?
For my name it is Johnie Armstrong,
And subject of yours, my liege,’ said he.

“ ‘Away, away, thou traitor strang!
Out o’ my sight soon may’st thou be!
I grantit nevir a traitor’s life,
And now I’ll not begin wi’ thee.’ ”

Johnie tried by various promises of gifts and the devotion of his followers to the King’s person to move the monarch to mercy, but James was obdurate, whereupon Johnie proudly replied :—

“ ‘Ye lied, ye lied, now, King,’ he says,
‘Altho’ a King and Prince ye be!
For I’ve luv’d naething in my life,
I weel dare say it, but honesty’—

“ ‘Save a fat horse, and a fair woman,
Twa bonny dogs to kill a deir;
But England suld have found me meal and mault,
Gif I had lived this hundred yeir!

“ ‘She suld have found me meal and mault,
And beef and mutton in a’ plentie;
But nevir a Scots wyfe could have said,
That e’er I skaithed her a puir flee.

“‘To seik het water beneith cauld ice,
Surely it is a great folie—
I have asked grace at a graceless face,
But there is nane for my men and me !

“‘But had I kenn’d ere I cam frae hame,
How thou unkind wadst been to me !
I wad have keepit the Border side,
In spite of all thy force and thee.

“‘Wist England’s King that I was ta’en,
O gin a blythe man he wad be !
For anes I slew his sister’s son,
And on his briest bane brak a tree.’

“John wore a girdle about his middle,
Imbroidered ower wi’ burning gold,
Bespangled wi’ the same metal,
Maist beautiful was to behold.

“There hang nine targats at Johnie’s hat,
And ilk ane worth three hundred pound—
‘What wants that Knave that a King suld have,
But the sword of honour and the crown ?

“‘O whair got thou these targats, Johnie,
That blink sae brawly abune thy brie ?’
‘I gat them in the field fechtin,
Where cruel King, thou durst not be.

“‘Had I my horse, and harness gude,
And ridin as I wont to be,
It suld have been tauld this hundred yeir,
The meeting of my King and me !’

*

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“John murdered was at Carlinrigg,
And all his gallant cumpanie ;
But Scotland’s heart was ne’er sae wae,
To see sae mony brave men dee—

“Because they saved their country deir,
Frae Englishmen ! Nane were sae bauld,
While Johnie lived on the Border syde,
Nane of them durst come neir his hauld.”

It is a foul blot on the fame of James that after enticing Johnie to Carlanrig he should have hung him and his gallant company. And it was no idle boast by Johnie that if he had had the remotest idea that the King would have so acted he could either have retired to wild fastnesses where he could have defied Royalty, or crossed the Border. The trees on which Johnie and his “gallant cumpanie” were hung were believed to have withered away, Nature’s method of protesting against the injustice of the execution.

“The trees on which the Armstrongs dee’d,
Wi’ summer leaves were gay,
But lang afore the harvest tide,
They withered a’ away.”

Though Robert, Lord Maxwell, was one of those interned in Edinburgh by James before he set out on his “hunting” expedition, the Armstrong lands were gifted to Maxwell by

James, which gives probability to the story that James was instigated by this Border laird to execute a rival. In July 1897 a memorial tablet let into the wall of the old churchyard of Teviothead was unveiled in presence of a large company of Borderers from Hawick and the surrounding country.

James's illegal act—for there was no trial—did not curb the activities of the clan, for their depredations after this were on a most extensive scale. The Regent Murray in 1569 made two expeditions into Liddesdale, when everything that would burn was given to the flames. He reduced Mangerton to a heap of ruins, and destroyed fifty keeps and castles of the Armstrongs and Elliots, taking as pledges to keep the peace a number of hostages who were distributed in various places north of the Forth. Murray's reputation thereafter was such that :—

“Na theif durst steir, they did him fear so soir,
And that they suld na mair their thift alledge ;
Three scoir and twelff be brought of them in pledge,
Syne wardit thame, whilk made the rest keep ordour,
Then mycht the rasche bus keip kye on the bordour.”

The fear of reprisals thus created was not, however, of long duration. The expedition by Cary, the English Warden, undertaken

with a thousand men, was also a destructive one. The Armstrongs took refuge in Tarras Moss, and Cary held the main approaches to it from June till August. While so engaged, a party of the besieged went into England and plundered the warden's land. On their return they sent Cary one of his own cows, telling him that, feeling he might fall short of provisions, they had taken the precaution of sending him some English beef!

A well-known raider, Jock o' the Syde, who had assisted the Earl of Westmorland to escape after the abortive insurrection in Elizabeth's reign, was taken prisoner by the English Warden while on a raid into Northumberland and thrown into Newcastle Prison. On hearing this the Laird of Mangerton, the Laird's Jock, the Laird's Wat, and one or two other Armstrongs started for Newcastle with their horses shod the wrong way, and on reaching Chollerford-on-Tyne, near Hexham, they cut a tree and notched it in fifteen places for use as a ladder to scale the wall of the town. They found it too short by three ells, so they tried to force the gate. The porter essayed to drive them back, but "his neck in twa the Armstrangs wrang," and making to the prison they brought away Jock, irons and all, and rode full speed for Liddesdale in great

glee at the success of their adventure, while
“ilk ane jokes fu’ wantonlie.”

“O Jock! sae winsomely’s ye ride,
Wi’ baith your feet upon ae side;
Sae weel ye’re harneist, and sae trig,
In troth ye sit like ony bride!”

“The night, tho’ wat, they didna mind,
But hied them on fu’ merrilie,
Until they cam to Chollerford brae,
Where the water ran like mountains hie.”

Here the Laird’s Jock took Jock o’ the Syde
on to his own horse, and they dashed through
the ford in safety. Then continues the
ballad :—

“They scarce the other brae had won,
When twenty men they saw pursue;
Frae Newcastle toun they had been sent,
A’ English lads baith stout and true.

“But when the land-sergeant the water saw,
‘It winna ride, my lads,’ says he;
Then cried aloud—‘The prisoner take,
But leave the fetters, I pray, to me.’

“‘I wat weil no,’ quo’ the Laird’s ain Jock;
‘I’ll keep them a’; shoon to my mare they’ll be,
My gude bay mare—for I am sure
She has bought them a’ right dear frae thee.’

“Sae now they are on to Liddesdale,
E’en as fast as they could them hie;
The prisoner is brought to’s ain fire-side,
And there o’s airns they mak him free.”

One of the last of the Armstrong reivers was Willie of Westburnflat near Newcastleton. Twelve cows had been stolen in one night, and the owner raised the people of Teviotdale who traced the robbers into Liddesdale, and coming to Willie's house on the banks of the Hermitage water they captured him without difficulty, for he was asleep. With nine of his friends he was taken to Selkirk where he and his companions were found guilty, not for the particular offence with which he was charged, but as reputed "thieves and limmers." When sentence was pronounced Willie, seizing the oaken chair on which he was seated, broke it in pieces and offered to fight his way out of Court if his comrades would join him, but instead they besought him to "let them die like Christians." They were accordingly executed, but the Liddesdale people considered the sentence iniquitous, and the story goes that the prosecutor never throve afterwards but, with his whole family, came to beggary.

Another amusing story is told of one of the clan, Archie Armstrong, a native of Eskdale, who was evidently a wit as well as a cattle lifter. One day when he had stolen a sheep he was followed by the shepherd who came upon him in a house rocking a cradle. On

the shepherd charging him with the theft, Archie replied :—

“ ‘ If e’er I did sae fause a feat,
As thin my neebour’s faulds ;
May I be doom’d the flesh to eat
This vera cradle haulds ! ’ ”

The shepherd was not to be put off so easily, and a search showing that the cradle contained the body of a sheep, Archie was brought before a Justice Court held by King James VI. at Jedburgh. He was found guilty and condemned to death, but pleaded that he was a poor ignorant lad who had just heard of the Bible, and wished to read it through if His Majesty would grant him a respite. This evidently appealed to the King who granted the request, whereupon Archie with a sly look said, “ Then deil tak’ me if ever I read a word o’t as lang as my e’en are open.” The King like Traquair with Christie’s Will was tickled by the humour of the culprit, and had him brought to the Court where he was employed as Gentleman Groom of the Chambers, preceding the King when travelling and looking after the Royal quarters. Archie accompanied James to London, and in Charles’s reign was Court jester. One day when Archbishop Laud was about to say grace at a Court dinner, Archie begged permission to

perform the duty, which the King granted. Archie's grace was as follows:—

“ All praise to God
And little Laud to the deil.”

This ended Archie's career as Court jester. The story is somewhat differently told in the ballad “ Archie Armstrange's Aith,” contributed to the Minstrelsy by the Rev. Mr Marriott, tutor to Lord Dalkeith.

When James VI. passed through Berwick on his way to receive the English Crown, the Armstrongs having with two or three hundred horse made a raid into England as far as Penrith, James ordered Sir William Selby, then Governor of Berwick, to raise the Borders against the raiders. The result was that most of the strongholds on the Liddel were destroyed and several of the principal leaders executed at Carlisle. Their lands came into possession of the Buccleuch family and the Elliots, and from this time the clan disappeared from Border history, so much so that it is probable more Armstrong families will be found in Northumberland and Cumberland than on the Scottish border.

Destiny dealt differently with the Elliots. On the decay of the Douglasses they sided with the Scotts, and passing into Teviotdale

they occupied lands formerly belonging to the Turnbulls and Rutherfurds. Towards the end of the seventeenth century Gilbert Elliot became a solicitor in Edinburgh, rose to be a Lord of Session, and was made a baronet in 1700. The second baronet became Lord Justice Clerk, while the fourth was Governor-General of India, was created Baron of Minto in 1797 and Earl in 1814. The third daughter of the second Baronet was Jean Elliot, to whom we owe that imperishable lyric "The Flowers of the Forest."

"I've heard them liltin', at the ewe milkin',
 Lasses a-liltin' before the dawn of day;
 But now they are moanin' on ilka green loanin';
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

* * * *

"Dule and wae for the order sent our lads to the Border!
 The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
 The Flowers of the Forest, that foucht aye the foremost,
 The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay."

DRUMELZIER CASTLE

The Turbulent Tweedie Clan

ABOUT a mile south from where the Tweed, hitherto flowing north, turns abruptly eastwards to continue its journey of nearly a hundred miles until it merges with the waters of the North Sea at Berwick, the ruined Castle of Drumelzier stands, a forlorn monument of a bygone age. Sentinels guarding the entrance to the valley of the Upper Tweed were the Castles of Tinnis, Wrae, and Drumelzier. Of Tinnis, crowning a conical hill like the haunt of one of the German robber barons on the Rhine, there is now no authentic story as to who were the owners, though Veitch says it belonged to the Tweedies. Wrae and Drumelzier, however, were undoubtedly the property of the once powerful family of Tweedie, who were as pugnacious a clan as any in the Borderland, and with no redeeming virtues. Tinnis is now but a circlet of low masonry crowning the hill; only the staircase tower of Wrae remains on the opposite side of the valley; but Drumelzier still stands in somewhat of its old majesty,

the centre of a group of farm buildings, typical of the change that has taken place throughout the Borderland. No sentinel now paces the battlements, and no balefire burns on the watch tower; instead, we see a hoary ruin standing grim and desolate in the centre of a peaceful homestead.

The valley of the Upper Tweed, once, no doubt, more thickly peopled than now, was the scene of the missionary labours of Kentigern, better known as St Mungo. On the hillside, looking down on Tweedsmuir village, are the ruins of the castle of Sir Simon Fraser, friend of Wallace, and hero of the Battle of Roslin. Near by, at Badlieu, it is said that the charms of Bertha captivated Grimus, King of Scotland, while on a hunting expedition to Polmood, for which the outraged Queen made her pay the dread penalty. Three trees used to mark the spot where once stood the hamlet of Linkum-doddie, but these have now succumbed to the ravages of storm and time, and the cottage home of Willie Wastle, the "wabster guid," can only be reconstructed through Burns's humorous song:—

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"Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'd it Linkum-doddie,
Willie was a wabster guid,
Cou'd stown a clue wi' ony bodie.



DRUMELZIER CASTLE.

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He had a wife was dour and din,
O, tinkler Madgie was her mither ;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gi'e a button for her.

“She has an e'e—she has but ane,
The cat has twa the very colour ;
Five rusty teeth, forbye a stump,
A clapper tongue wad deave a miller ;
A whiskin' beard about her mou',
Her nose and chin they threaten ither ;
Sic a wife as Willie had
I wadna gie a button for her.”

Where the Powsail or Drumelzier Burn joins the Tweed lie the remains of Merlin the Wild, a Cymric wizard and bard, who lived in the sixth century. Speaking of his famous progenitor, a later Merlin prophesied that—

“When Tweed and Powsail meet at Merlin's grave,
Scotland and England shall one Monarch have.”

And tradition says that on the very day that James VI. was crowned King of England, the Tweed overflowed and joined the Powsail at the Mound where the Cymric bard was buried. Doubtless it had done that before and has done it since. The Castle of Drumelzier is of the peel tower type, four storeys in height, the vaulted basement being used when necessary for housing cattle, for it was not sanitation but safety first which

was the governing factor in these days. The Tweedies were a clan of considerable antiquity and the chief resided at Drumelzier. He could call to his aid the Tweedies of Wrae, Dreva, Stanhope, and Fruid, and among them they levied tribute over Tweedside from the source of the river almost to Peebles. They waged a constant feud with the Veitches of Dawyck, the Burnets of Barns, and the Geddeses of Rachan.

Though tracing their ancestry back to the reign of Alexander II., the Tweedies did not come into prominence until the sixteenth century. In 1524 a quarrel arose between James Tweedie of Drumelzier and Lord Fleming, who was at that time great Chamberlain of Scotland. Tweedie wanted to marry Catherine Fraser, the heiress of Fruid, while Lord Fleming wanted her as bride to his son Malcolm. The Tweedies met the Flemings and James killed Lord Fleming. The only penalty for this act was a fine which was not paid, but six years after Tweedie was ordered by the Lords of Council to found a Chaplaincy in the Church of Biggar and endow it to provide for masses for the soul of the murdered lord, and that the other Tweedies concerned in the murder should go abroad for three years. This decree was

confirmed by James V., and part of this arrangement was the marriage to Tweedie of Catherine Fleming. In the sixteenth century the Tweedies of Drumelzier and Dreva were among those charged with being concerned in the murder of Rizzio, but owing to the weakness of the Central Government they escaped punishment. About the end of the century Patrick Veitch, son of "the Deil of Dawyck," was riding home from Peebles and near Neidpath Castle he was set upon by the Tweedies—nine of them, and murdered. The Tweedies were actually imprisoned but were never brought to trial, Scott of Buccleuch becoming surety for their behaviour. Four days after the slaughter John Tweedie, tutor of Drumelzier, while walking in the High Street of Edinburgh was met by two of the Veitches, and after some hot words had been exchanged about the murder a fight took place and Veitch of Syntoun killed young Tweedie. This added new energy to the feud. On a summer morning in the early part of the seventeenth century the Lairds of Drumelzier and Dawyck met by chance in a Tweedside haugh, and they decided to settle the feud of centuries by combat. The result was the defeat of Drumelzier, whose body was afterwards found beneath a blossoming hawthorn

bush. Still the feud was carried on, and James in March 1611 issued a proclamation calling on the Privy Council of Scotland to take steps to suppress the strife.

Other clans were meantime coming into greater prominence in the Borders, and it became the turn of the Tweedies to be complainers. They complained to James of the depredations of the Scotts in taking from Drumelzier and Dreva 40 horses, 200 oxen and cows, and 4000 sheep, as well as robbing their tenants of gear to the value of £2000, a fairly large raid. After this they rapidly sank in fortune till James Tweedie of Drumelzier was discharged from the Tolbooth of Edinburgh a ruined man, and in 1670 they disappeared from history. So much for disregarding their motto, "Thole and think." To-day no descendant of the once powerful clan holds property on Tweedside.

ELIBANK CASTLE AND OAKWOOD TOWER

The Muckle Mou'd Meg Story

THE ruined Castle of Elibank is situated on the south bank of the Tweed, a mile or so westward of the station of Thornielee, on the railway line between Peebles and Galashiels. It was three storeys high, below which were vaulted dungeons. Behind the tower there is a narrow defile in which a considerable herd of cattle could be safely housed in the days when reiving was not extinct. The founder of the Elibank family was Mr Gideon Murray who, after his education at Glasgow University, became minister of Auchterlees in 1585, but was compelled to leave the Church through having killed a man in a quarrel. For this he was imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle, an incarceration which was not of long duration. He was subsequently appointed Chamberlain to Walter Scott of Buccleuch, and after this his rise to power seems to have been uninterrupted. In 1594 he received a Charter of the lands of Elibank, which in 1601 were erected into a barony. Four years after this he was knighted, and in 1605 was made a

Lord of Session, and appointed a Commissioner to suppress raiding on the Borders. In 1610 he became a Member of the Privy Council. His management of the revenue of Scotland was so successful that he not only repaired various Royal palaces and castles, but when James VI. visited Scotland in 1617 he defrayed the charges of King and Court, and was consequently in high favour with His Majesty. The favour, however, was not enduring, for some time later the King believed an accusation by Lord Ochiltree charging Murray with mal-administration as Treasurer-depute, and he was sent to Scotland for trial, but died in 1621 before the trial took place. He was succeeded by his son Patrick, who was created a baronet and afterwards a peer, while in 1911 the tenth Lord Elibank was made a Viscount.

The association of Elibank with Border romance is the story of Willie Scott, son of Auld Wat of Harden, and his wooing of the only daughter of Gideon Murray. Sir Gideon was one of those who had been commissioned to demolish Harden Castle because of Auld Wat's part in the raid of Falkland, so that presumably there was no love between the two families. Also the Scotts of Harden would look upon Murray as an upstart laird, and even on that score not entitled to much con-



ELIBANK CASTLE.

sideration. A fine herd of cattle was known to be pasturing at Elibank, and with the assistance of William Hogg, the "Wild Boar of Faulds-hope," young Harden made a dash for the cattle. Sir Gideon, however, had been forewarned and captured the raiders, whereupon Willie Scott made acquaintance with the Elibank dungeon. What followed is conjecture, but evidently the result (whether the wooing was on the side of Agnes Murray or Willie Scott, we do not know) was that the young couple were married with all due ceremony in Edinburgh and took up residence at Oakwood Tower on the Ettrick. Hogg, whose lively imagination was not curbed by fact, wrote a very amusing ballad about the wooing, in which he dubs the lady as "Muckle Mou'd Meg," one of three daughters, whereas the bride was named Agnes, and was Sir Gideon's only daughter. The tradition is that when Willie Scott was faced with the alternative of marrying the daughter or being hung on the gallows tree he pleaded for three days to make up his mind as to which was preferable, and that during these days "Meg" attended to his wants and captured his heart. In the ballad, however, Hogg makes the choice an instant one, which Willie accepts. After the capture Hogg says :—

- “The lady o’ Elibank raise wi’ the dawn,
An’ she waukened auld Juden, an’ to him did say,—
‘Pray what will ye do wi’ this gallant young man?’
‘We’ll hang him,’ quo’ Juden, ‘this very same day.’
- “‘Wad ye hang sic a brisk an’ a gallant young heir,
An’ has three hamely daughters aye suffering neglect?
Though laird o’ the best o’ the Forest sae fair,
He’ll marry the warst for the sake o’ his neck.
- “‘Despite not the lad for a perilous feat;
He’s a friend will bestead you, and stand by you still;
The laird man hae men, an’ the men maun hae meat,
An’ the meat man be had, be the danger what will.’
- “Then owre his left Juden laid his huge leg,
An’ he mused an’ he thought that his lady was right,
‘By heaven,’ said he, ‘he shall marry my Meg;
I dreamed, an’ I dreamed o’ her a’ the last night.’
- “Now Meg was but thin, an’ her nose it was lang,
An’ her mou’ it was muckle as ane could weel be;
Her een they were gray, an’ her colour was wan;
But her nature was generous, gentle, an’ free.
- “Her shape it was slender, her manners refined,
Her shoulders were clad wi’ her lang dusky hair,
An’ three times mae beauties adorned her mind,
Than’ mony a ane’s that was three times as fair.
- “Poor Will wi’ a guard was brought into a ha’,
Ae end hung wi’ black, an’ the ither full fair;
Then Juden’s three daughters sat in a raw,
An’ himsel’ at the head in a twa-elbow chair.
- “‘Now, Will, as ye’re young, an’ I hope ye may mend,
On the following conditions I grant ye your life:—
That ye be mair wary, an’ auld Juden’s friend,
An’ accept o’ my daughter there Meg for your wife.

“ ‘An’ since ye’re sae set on my Elibank kye,
 Ye’s hae each o’ your drove ye can ken by the head ;
 An’ if nae horned acquaintance should kythe to your eye,
 Ye shall wale half a score, an’ a bull for a breed.

“ ‘My Meg, I assure you, is better than bonnie ;
 I rede you, in choising let prudence decide ;
 Then say which ye will ; ye are welcome to ony ;
 See, there is your coffin, or there is your bride.’ ”

“ ‘Lead on to the gallows, then,’ Willie replied ;
 ‘I’m now in your power, an’ ye carry it high ;
 Nae daughter o’ yours shall ere lie by my side ;
 A Scott, ye maun mind, counts it naething to die.’ ”

But when Will saw the tether drawn over
 the tree he began to reconsider his decision
 finding that “marriage an’ death were twa
 different things.”

“ ‘What matter,’ quo’ he, ‘though her nose it be lang,
 For noses bring luck, an’ its welcome that brings,
 There’s something weel-faurd in her sonsy gray een,
 But they’re better than nane, an’ ane’s life is sae sweet,
 An’, what though her mou’ be the maist ? I hae seen,
 Faith, muckle-mou’d folk hae a luck for their meat.’ ”

“That day they were wedded, that night they were bedded,
 An’ Juden has feasted them gaily an’ free ;
 But aft the bridegroom has he rallied an’ bladded,
 What faces he made at the big hanging tree.

* * * *

“So Willie took Meg to the forest sae fair,
 An’ they lived a most happy an’ social life ;
 The langer he kend her, he lo’ed her the mair,
 For a prudent, a virtuous, and honourable wife.”

The present tower of Oakwood is about four miles from Selkirk and occupies a commanding situation on the left of the public road between the burgh and Ettrick Bridgend. It was built by Robert Scott at the beginning of the seventeenth century, as is indicated by a dressed stone on the back wall of the tower, on which are carved the initials "R. S. L. M. ANO 1602," and a crescent, the coat of arms of the Harden family. There are two dungeons on the ground level, access to which was probably gained by a trap door. One of these floors is 8 feet square. The above each contain two chambers, one 20 feet by 16 and the other about $8\frac{1}{2}$ feet square. The walls are only 38 feet by $23\frac{1}{2}$ and are but $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet thick, so that it was never a place of great strength. The story that it was inhabited by Michael Scot, the reputed wizard, has no foundation as Scot died three hundred years before Oakwood was built. Hugh the fourth Baron Polwarth was a son of Walter Scott of Harden, and through him the property came into possession of the Polwarth family along with the other Harden estates. The tower was put into good repair by the late Lord Polwarth and is the best preserved of all the peel towers of Ettrick Forest.



OAKWOOD TOWER.

THE HAIGS OF BEMERSYDE

“Tyde what may betyde
Haig shall be Haig of Bemersyde.”

So said “True Thomas” of Ercildoune, according to tradition, to Johannes de Haga, the fifth representative of the Haig family at the end of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century, and whatever may be said about the numerous predictions with which the Border seer is credited, this one at least holds the field to-day. The great territorial Border families De Morvilles, Avenels, Soulis, Maxwell, De Viponts, and De Vescis have passed away from Tweedside, but from the time of Petrus de Haga to the present day Bemersyde has been a possession of the family of Haig, and is now the property of Field-Marshal Earl Haig, K.G., who is a descendant of the Fifeshire branch of the family.

No member of this ancient house except Earl Haig has risen to high place in the nation's story, but they have been more or less identified with stirring incidents in the struggle for independence. The fifth Haig

of Bemersyde fought under Wallace at Stirling Bridge; the sixth was with Bruce at Bannockburn, and died a soldier's death at Halidon Hill; the eighth was killed with the Douglas at Otterburn; the tenth lost his life at the Border battle of Piperdean; the twelfth and thirteenth fought at Sauchieburn, the first named supporting his King, and the second, Prince James, afterwards being among the slain at Flodden; while the fourteenth distinguished himself at Ancrum Moor when Angus defeated the raiding English army under Evers and Latoun.

Bemersyde stands on an eminence facing one of the most lovely stretches of the Tweed. Opposite is the site of old Melrose, where twelve hundred years ago the saintly Aidan established a monastic settlement rendered illustrious by the ministrations of Boisil and Cuthbert, to the left are the beautiful ruins of David's Abbey of Dryburgh, beyond rise the triple peaks of Eildon, a glorious background enshrined in Arthurian romance. The date of the erection of the original tower of Bemersyde is unknown, but there are authentic records to show that the estate was owned by the family in 1150, while they are believed to have been in possession at a much earlier date. In many respects the tower is similar to that



BEMERSYDE HOUSE.

at Smailholm, but it is not so lofty, and it was certainly in existence in 1535. It was then a square building of irregularly shaped stone, with a parapet all round and a turret at each corner. Above the vaulted hall on the ground floor was the living room, an apartment 20 feet 6 by 16 feet 9, and restorations recently carried out by Earl Haig under the guidance of Mr Alison, architect, Hawick, show that some of the stones used in previous interior alterations were taken from Dryburgh Abbey. The interior was destroyed by fire during the Hertford invasion. Its restoration was undertaken by Andrew Haig, and completed in 1581, as a carved stone bearing the initials of this laird and his third wife Elizabeth M'Dougal of Makerstoun would seem to indicate. In 1691 Anthony Haig took down the bartisan walls at each end, extended the watch-house so as to fill the entire space between the present crow-stepped gables, and covered the whole with a steep roof.

In 1761 James A. Haig built the west wing making it a low structure, while the present two-storey wing on the east side was added in 1796 by James Zerubabel Haig. In 1859 Lord Jerviswood, while a tenant of Bemersyde, took down the west wing and built the present west wing of three storeys, the architecture of

which is out of keeping with the old tower, while its proportions tend to dwarf the height of the main structure.

In front of the house is a Spanish chestnut said to be as old as the house. It was a favourite tree with the Haig family, and there are frequent references to it in their diaries when the "old sweet chestnut" put forth its leaves in the springtime. Its position indicates the site of the old gateway of the outer wall that surrounded the house, and it is known as the "Covin" tree or trysting tree, beneath which in olden times the hospitable lairds welcomed their guests. The circumference at the base is 27 feet.

The Haigs, like their neighbours, occasionally made free with other people's property. Robert Haig was thrice convicted of having reived the property of the Halliburtons of Mertoun, and in 1675 Anthony assisted in carrying off Jean Home, the heiress of Ayton, and marrying her to a young son of the Laird of Kimmerghame. As a result the young couple and the chief abductors were imprisoned. Anthony was a man of many parts, became a Quaker and suffered excommunication and five years' imprisonment in the Tolbooth for his religious opinions, at the end of which time he was liberated, the authorities having come to realise

that the Quakers were not such dangerous persons as they had thought them to be. At various times the Haigs were supporters of the Abbays of Melrose and Dryburgh, and their burial place is in St Mary's Aisle, Dryburgh, near the tomb of Walter Scott. It is interesting to note the connection between the Haigs and Scott. In 1542 Margaret Haig married James, the eldest son of George Halliburton of Dryburgh. The eldest son of this marriage was Thomas Halliburton, great-grandfather of the wife of Robert Scott of Sandyknowe, grandfather of Sir Walter Scott. It was through this relationship that Scott acquired the right of burial in Dryburgh.

ASHESTIEL

Scott's Selkirk Home

ALTHOUGH Ashestiel in its present condition cannot lay claim to being either a castle or peel tower, and thus may be considered as not coming within the scope of this work, yet its association with Scott, who did so much for the preservation of Border antiquities, seems naturally to give it a place in a volume dealing with the bygone days of Border life. The property of Ashestiel was a possession of the Douglasses, but in 1455 was forfeited and annexed to the Crown. At the end of the century it was possessed by the Kers, in 1643 became part of the property of the Earl of Traquair, and in 1661 was acquired by Sir Gideon Murray of Elibank. At some early period it must have been a peel tower, parts of the present structure showing this. Near the end of the century John Murray had his goods roused at Selkirk because his house was a common meeting place for dissenters, and in 1712 Ashestiel passed into the possession of the Russell



ASHESTIEL.

family. On the death in 1804 of Colonel Russell, who had married a sister of Scott's mother, Sir Walter, compelled by the then Lord Lieutenant of Selkirkshire to reside in the county of which he was sheriff, took a lease of the house and grounds with a small farm adjoining. It was an ideal residence for Scott, with its old-fashioned garden, surrounded by holly hedges, on one side its deep ravine down which flows a mountain burn, and in front the silver waters of the Tweed. In the introduction to "Marmion," Scott thus pictures this hill stream :—

"November's sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sere :
Late, gazing down the steepy linn,
That hems our little garden in,
Low in its dark and narrow glen,
You scarce the rivulet might ken,
So thick the tangled greenwood grew,
So feeble trill'd the streamlet through :
Now, murmuring hoarse, and frequent seen
Through bush and brier, no longer green,
An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,
Brawls over rock and wild cascade,
And, foaming brown with doubled speed,
Hurries its waters to the Tweed."

Thomas Purdie was engaged as shepherd and Peter Mathieson as coachman, and Scott settled down to rural pursuits and the writing

of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," that imperishable epic of Border story. In the autumn of 1804 Scott met Mungo Park, who spent a night with the poet previous to setting out on his last expedition to the Niger. They parted on the Williamhope ridge "the autumnal mist floating heavily and slowly down the valley of the Yarrow," and were destined never to meet again. While at Ashestiel Scott, desirous to be "laird of the cairn and the scaur," wanted to purchase Broadmeadows for a residence, and, says Lockhart, "Many a time did he ride round it in company with Lord and Lady Dalkeith, surveying the beautiful little domain with wistful eyes." The success of the "Lay," however, changed the spirit of his dream, and he aspired to loftier visions. The first week of 1805 saw the "Lay" published, and its success was phenomenal. "Waverley" was commenced in the same year but laid aside for "Marmion," which he began in November 1806. Scott then bought the farm of Abbotsford, called from its neglected condition Clarty Hole, with the view of building a cottage in the style of an English vicarage; but this plan was laid aside in favour of what may well be termed a castle. In 1810 "The Lady of the Lake" was published, and two years



ST MARY'S AISLE, DRYBURGH.

later the sheriff and his family went to Abbotsford.

When at Ashestiel Scott was not only a daring huntsman but indulged in the sport of spearing salmon in the Tweed both by day and night. On one occasion when accompanied by Skene he overbalanced himself in the boat and was plunged overboard, being rescued with difficulty by Skene. Another companion in these exploits of "burning the water" was Lord Somerville of the Pavilion. On the adjoining farm of the peel Scott used to sit and muse alone under some old ash trees on a knoll which still bears the name of the Sheriff's Knowe. Another favourite seat was beneath a large oak in the haugh where, says Lockhart, while meditating his verses, he used

"to stray

And waste the solitary day
In plucking from yon fen the reed,
And watch it floating down the Tweed;
Or idly list the shrilling lay
With which the milkmaid cheers her way,
Marking its cadence rise and fail,
As from the field, beneath her pail,
She trips it down the uneven dale."

On Sundays, after he had read the Church service in the house, he used frequently to walk to the ruins of Elibank Castle and dine by the side of the tower on a basket of cold

mutton and accessories, his family seated around him on the turf, when he would recite to them stories from the Bible. Altogether Scott's residence at Ashestiel was a very happy one, and to-day when we think of Scott, our thoughts do not turn to the lordly mansion at Abbotsford, but to that lonely tower and the beetling crags at Sandyknowe where he received the impressions that ultimately moulded his life, and to the modest home at Ashestiel where his career as a literary artist of the romantic school was finally decided. With Abbotsford came troublous days which, with the gigantic labour of necessitated literary production, ended his life at the comparatively early age of sixty-one years. Every admirer of his genius feels that his resting place under the arches of St Mary's Aisle at Dryburgh, most beautifully situated of all the Border abbeys, in the very heart of the country he so dearly loved, and within sound of the murmur of the Tweed was his most fitting rest place, to visit which is a hallowed pilgrimage.

